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Appletons' Home Reading Books

EDITED BY

WILLIAM T. HARRIS, A. M., LL. D.

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

DIVISION III

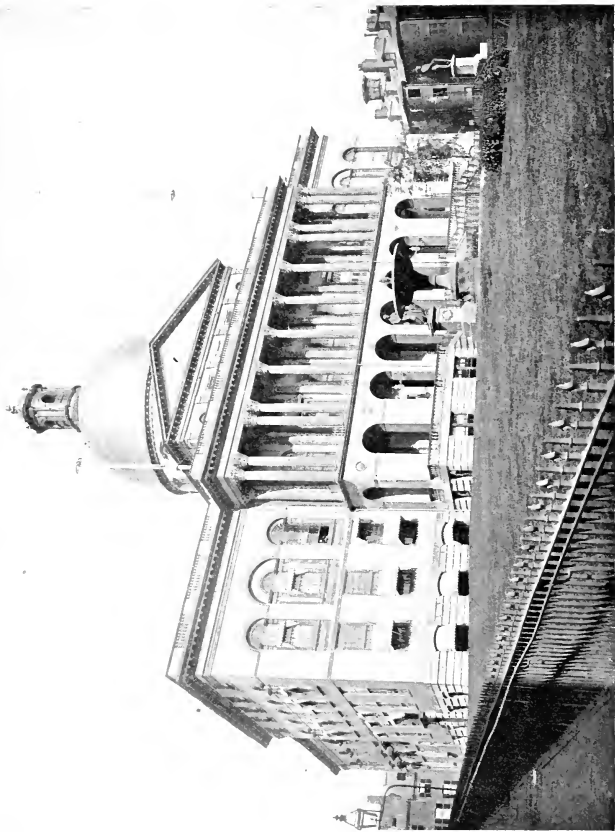
HISTORY

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“The Hub of the Universe.”

APPLETONS' HOME READING BOOKS

HISTORIC BOSTON AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD

AN HISTORICAL PILGRIMAGE PERSONALLY
CONDUCTED BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

ARRANGED FOR SEVEN DAYS

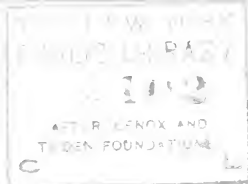


Birthplace of Benjamin Franklin

NEW YORK

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1903



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INTRODUCTION TO THE HOME READING BOOK SERIES BY THE EDITOR.

THE new education takes two important directions—one of these is toward original observation, requiring the pupil to test and verify what is taught him at school by his own experiments. The information that he learns from books or hears from his teacher's lips must be assimilated by incorporating it with his own experience.

The other direction pointed out by the new education is systematic home reading. It forms a part of school extension of all kinds. The so-called "University Extension" that originated at Cambridge and Oxford has as its chief feature the aid of home reading by lectures and round-table discussions, led or conducted by experts who also lay out the course of reading. The Chautauquan movement in this country prescribes a series of excellent books and furnishes for a goodly number of its readers annual courses of lectures. The teachers' reading circles that exist in many States prescribe the books to be read, and publish some analysis, commentary, or catechism to aid the members.

Home reading, it seems, furnishes the essential basis of this great movement to extend education

beyond the school and to make self-culture a habit of life.

Looking more carefully at the difference between the two directions of the new education we can see what each accomplishes. There is first an effort to train the original powers of the individual and make him self-active, quick at observation, and free in his thinking. Next, the new education endeavors, by the reading of books and the study of the wisdom of the race, to make the child or youth a participator in the results of experience of all mankind.

These two movements may be made antagonistic by poor teaching. The book knowledge, containing as it does the precious lesson of human experience, may be so taught as to bring with it only dead rules of conduct, only dead scraps of information, and no stimulant to original thinking. Its contents may be memorized without being understood. On the other hand, the self-activity of the child may be stimulated at the expense of his social well-being—his originality may be cultivated at the expense of his rationality. If he is taught persistently to have his own way, to trust only his own senses, to cling to his own opinions heedless of the experience of his fellows, he is preparing for an unsuccessful, if not an anthropic career, and is likely enough to end his life in a madhouse.

It is admitted that a too exclusive study of the knowledge found in books, the knowledge which is aggregated from the experience and thought of other people, may result in loading the mind of the pupil with material which he can not use to advantage.

Some minds are so full of lumber that there is no space left to set up a workshop. The necessity of uniting both of these directions of intellectual activity in the schools is therefore obvious, but we must not, in this place, fall into the error of supposing that it is the oral instruction in school and the personal influence of the teacher alone that excites the pupil to activity. Book instruction is not always dry and theoretical. The very persons who declaim against the book, and praise in such strong terms the self-activity of the pupil and original research, are mostly persons who have received their practical impulse from reading the writings of educational reformers. Very few persons have received an impulse from personal contact with inspiring teachers compared with the number that have been aroused by reading such books as Herbert Spencer's *Treatise on Education*, Rousseau's *Émile*, Pestalozzi's *Leonard and Gertrude*, Francis W. Parker's *Talks about Teaching*, G. Stanley Hall's *Pedagogical Seminary*. Think in this connection, too, of the impulse to observation in natural science produced by such books as those of Hugh Miller, Faraday, Tyndall, Huxley, Agassiz, and Darwin.

The new scientific book is different from the old. The old style book of science gave dead results where the new one gives not only the results, but a minute account of the method employed in reaching those results. An insight into the method employed in discovery trains the reader into a naturalist, an historian, a sociologist. The books of the writers above named have done more to stimulate original research on the

part of their readers than all other influences combined.

It is therefore much more a matter of importance to get the right kind of book than to get a living teacher. The book which teaches results, and at the same time gives in an intelligible manner the steps of discovery and the methods employed, is a book which will stimulate the student to repeat the experiments described and get beyond them into fields of original research himself. Every one remembers the published lectures of Faraday on chemistry, which exercised a wide influence in changing the style of books on natural science, causing them to deal with method more than results, and thus train the reader's power of conducting original research. Robinson Crusoe for nearly two hundred years has aroused the spirit of adventure and prompted young men to resort to the border lands of civilization. A library of home reading should contain books that incite to self-activity and arouse the spirit of inquiry. The books should treat of methods of discovery and evolution. All nature is unified by the discovery of the law of evolution. Each and every being in the world is now explained by the process of development to which it belongs. Every fact now throws light on all the others by illustrating the process of growth in which each has its end and aim.

The Home Reading Books are to be classed as follows :

First Division. Natural history, including popular scientific treatises on plants and animals, and also de-

scriptions of geographical localities. The branch of study in the district school course which corresponds to this is geography. Travels and sojourns in distant lands; special writings which treat of this or that animal or plant, or family of animals or plants; anything that relates to organic nature or to meteorology, or descriptive astronomy may be placed in this class.

Second Division. Whatever relates to physics or natural philosophy, to the statics or dynamics of air or water or light or electricity, or to the properties of matter; whatever relates to chemistry, either organic or inorganic—books on these subjects belong to the class that relates to what is inorganic. Even the so-called organic chemistry relates to the analysis of organic bodies into their inorganic compounds.

Third Division. History, biography, and ethnology. Books relating to the lives of individuals; to the social life of the nation; to the collisions of nations in war, as well as to the aid that one nation gives to another through commerce in times of peace; books on ethnology relating to the modes of life of savage or civilized peoples; on primitive manners and customs—books on these subjects belong to the third class, relating particularly to the human will, not merely the individual will but the social will, the will of the tribe or nation; and to this third class belong also books on ethics and morals, and on forms of government and laws, and what is included under the term civics, or the duties of citizenship.

Fourth Division. The fourth class of books includes more especially literature and works that make known the beautiful in such departments as sculpture, painting, architecture and music. Literature and art show human nature in the form of feelings, emotions, and aspirations, and they show how these feelings lead over to deeds and to clear thoughts. This department of books is perhaps more important than any other in our home reading, inasmuch as it teaches a knowledge of human nature and enables us to understand the motives that lead our fellow-men to action.

PLAN FOR USE AS SUPPLEMENTARY READING.

The first work of the child in the school is to learn to recognize in a printed form the words that are familiar to him by ear. These words constitute what is called the colloquial vocabulary. They are words that he has come to know from having heard them used by the members of his family and by his playmates. He uses these words himself with considerable skill, but what he knows by ear he does not yet know by sight. It will require many weeks, many months even, of constant effort at reading the printed page to bring him to the point where the sight of the written word brings up as much to his mind as the sound of the spoken word. But patience and practice will by and by make the printed word far more suggestive than the spoken word, as every scholar may testify.

In order to bring about this familiarity with the

printed word it has been found necessary to re-enforce the reading in the school by supplementary reading at home. Books of the same grade of difficulty with the reader used in school are to be provided for the pupil. They must be so interesting to him that he will read them at home, using his time before and after school, and even his holidays, for this purpose.

But this matter of familiarizing the child with the printed word is only one half of the object aimed at by the supplementary home reading. He should read that which interests him. He should read that which will increase his power in making deeper studies, and what he reads should tend to correct his habits of observation. Step by step he should be initiated into the scientific method. Too many elementary books fail to teach the scientific method because they point out in an unsystematic way only those features of the object which the untutored senses of the pupil would discover at first glance. It is not useful to tell the child to observe a piece of chalk and see that it is white, more or less friable, and that it makes a mark on a fence or a wall. Scientific observation goes immediately behind the facts which lie obvious to a superficial investigation. Above all, it directs attention to such features of the object as relate it to its environment. It directs attention to the features that have a causal influence in making the object what it is and in extending its effects to other objects. Science discovers the reciprocal action of objects one upon another.

After the child has learned how to observe what is essential in one class of objects he is in a measure fitted to observe for himself all objects that resemble this class. After he has learned how to observe the seeds of the milkweed, he is partially prepared to observe the seeds of the dandelion, the burdock, and the thistle. After he has learned how to study the history of his native country, he has acquired some ability to study the history of England and Scotland or France or Germany. In the same way the daily preparation of his reading lesson at school aids him to read a story of Dickens or Walter Scott.

The teacher of a school will know how to obtain a small sum to invest in supplementary reading. In a graded school of four hundred pupils ten books of each number are sufficient, one set of ten books to be loaned the first week to the best pupils in one of the rooms, the next week to the ten pupils next in ability. On Monday afternoon a discussion should be held over the topics of interest to the pupils who have read the book. The pupils who have not yet read the book will become interested, and await anxiously their turn for the loan of the desired volume. Another set of ten books of a higher grade may be used in the same way in a room containing more advanced pupils. The older pupils who have left school, and also the parents, should avail themselves of the opportunity to read the books brought home from school. Thus is begun that continuous education by means of the public library which is not limited to the school period, but lasts through life.

W. T. HARRIS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Nov. 16, 1896.*

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HISTORIC BOSTON AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD.

INTRODUCTION.

THIS little book is not so much a guide book in itself as an introduction or key to local guides, or a preparation for conversation with intelligent Boston people, who will meet a new comer into that town.

Every summer there arrive people from different parts of the nation who have a curiosity about the history of Boston, or about its present activities, which they would gladly gratify, as well as possible, in a few days' stay here. Perhaps they have ancestors among the fifteen thousand people who united in the capture of Louisburg, or the twenty thousand people who, thirty years later, defied King George. I recollect what I would gladly have done and said, first,

had my friends the Inghams and their children ever materialized far enough to appear at the station in Park Square, and, second, if my own deserts and desires had ever materialized so far that I could send my coachman and carriage to meet them. I have written to Colonel Ingham, the head of that little host, the traveling directions which the reader has in hand. At various places, if he need them, as at Concord, at Lexington, or at Cambridge, he will find local guide books which will be of use to preserve, for memoranda which, at the moment, one has not time to write down.

BEFORE leading the reader on any of the separate excursions proposed, it will be well that he should know something of the original make-up of the peninsula on which the town of "Boston proper" has been built, for the original Boston of the Fathers has been enlarged by the filling in of coves and the building of sea walls. The district north of the line which separated old Boston from the

mainland has more than twice the area of the "Neck," as they called it, which then appeared above the water.

In our day we are apt to use the word "neck" for the isthmus which connects a peninsula with the mainland. Linguists may interest themselves in observing the *connection* between *nexus*, the bond which unites two bodies, and the *neck* which *connects* one's head with his shoulders. In our earlier days, however, the *Neck*, as a geographical term, meant the whole peninsula. And on the New England shore now people use the word in the same way. Thus they speak of Marblehead Neck, as the peninsula which a short neck between two coves connects with the mainland. The phrase "Boston Neck" has of late days been given only to the ridge of gravel which connected the town with the mainland.

To the peninsula itself different names were given by the early adventurers. It had originally the outline of a fiddle—or, if you please, of a pear. It projected northward from the mainland, and on the other side

of the channel of Charles River, Charlestown, another "neck," not dissimilar, projected southward as if to meet it. Geologically each of the two peninsulas is a large "drumlin," such as were left in all eastern Massachusetts by the progress and by the receding of the great glacial wave which swept over our part of North America somewhat less than ten thousand years ago. In the *débris* of this wave you pick up pebbles which have been ground off from the rocks of the White Mountains, and regions farther north than they.

Different observers of the olden times describe the peninsula in different ways. William Wood, an Englishman who came over before 1630 and staid till 1635, says of it:

"His situation is very pleasant, being a Peninsula hem'd in on the South side with the Bay of Roxberry, on the North-side with Charles River, the Marshes on the backe-side, being not halfe a qvarter of a mile over; so that a little fencing will secure their cattle from the Woolves. Their greatest wants be Wood and Medow-ground which never were

in that place; being constrayned to fetch their building-timber and firewood from the Islands in Boates, and their Hay in Loyters. It being a Necke and bare of wood, they are not troubled with the great annoyances of Woolves, Rattlesnakes, and Musketoës."

Edward Johnson, in the Wonder-Working Providence, wrote about 1650:

"The chief edifice of this City-like Towne is crowded on the Sea-bankes, and wharfed out with great industry and cost, the buildings beautiful and large, some fairely set forth with Brick, Tile, Stone, and Slate, and orderly placed with comly streets, whose continuall enlargement presages some sumptuous city. . . . But now behold the admirable Acts of Christ: at this his peoples landing, the hideous Thickets in this place were such that Wolfes and Bears nurst up their young from the eyes of all beholders, in those very places where the streetes are full of Girles and Boys sporting up and downe, with a continual concourse of people. Good store of Shipping is here yearly built, and some very faire ones."

In 1665 the Royal Commissioners, or some person employed by them, wrote in describing Boston :

“Their houses are generally wooden, their streets crooked, with little decency and no uniformity.”

But Josselyn, who had been here but a short time before, said of the town :

“The houses are for the most part raised on the sea-banks, many of them standing upon piles, close together on each side of the streets as in London, and furnished with many fair shops ; their materials are brick, stone, lime, handsomely contrived, with three meeting-houses or churches, and a town-house built upon pillars, where the merchants may confer ; in the chamber above they keep their monthly courts. Their streets are many and large, paved with pebble stones, and the south side adorned with gardens and orchards.”

The shape of the “drumlin ” and its three hills has given the direction of the older streets, and determined the map of the present city. The settlers were not such fools as

to suppose that streets must be straight, or that they must run along astronomical meridians or parallels. Where a street went in from the sea, it went at right angles from the shore or nearly so. Where Beacon Hill, or Copp's Hill, or Fort Hill rose, the roadway at the base went round them and not through them.

Given these preliminary streets—curves around the bases of the hills, and radii, so to speak, running from the water's edge to meet them—run the main street north, midway between the shores of the coves, and you have the key to what a stranger calls the intricacy of the streets of the town.

The winding line of the shore, deeply indented by coves, suggested at once operations for artificial embankments. The rise and fall of the tide is from eight to twelve feet. It occurred to the settlers very early that by making a causeway, where Causeway Street now runs, and adjusting gates to open inward, and close when the water flowed out, a mill basin could be made from the great northern cove, and kept nearly at the level

tide. They therefore built this causeway, and thus, by cutting a narrow canal eastward across the town, they commanded, perhaps half the time, a waterfall from the high tide level to that of low tide, sufficient to carry a mill for grinding their corn. The tide basin thus made was called the Mill Pond.

In 1804 it was clear that the land it covered would have value, if reclaimed, of much more account than the little water power which had been used for nearly two centuries. Enough of Beacon Hill was cut down, therefore, to fill up the Mill Pond. The canal was filled up, and became Canal Street. Here is the reason why, in the heart of the devious plan of the North End, there come in straight streets which mark the site of the original Mill Pond. And thus the original Beacon Hill lost its crest, which rose behind the State House of that day.

At the same time the old enterprise for creating tide power was renewed on the Back Bay. The region of elegant houses now known as the Back Bay was then really the

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The Public Garden.

bay, back of the town to one who approached it from the sea.

By building the Western Avenue across this bay—from Beacon Street exactly west to Brookline—a basin was located, in which the water could be kept at any level. Southward across this basin a mill dam was built, which is now Parker Street, and thus there were two basins. The western of these two, about where the Charlesgate Fens now are, was kept nearly at the level of high tide, and was called the “full basin.” The eastern basin was kept at the lowest level possible, and was called the “empty basin.” From the full to the empty basin was an average waterfall of salt water of perhaps eight feet. The water power thus created carried several mills. My father had printing presses there, which were kept at work by the use of this power.

By this cutting off of the high tide from the foot of the Common, the present parade ground was created, where till then there had been only an unsightly salt marsh. And Charles Street, on a causeway again, was ex-

tended south from Beacon Street to Park Square.

All this was done under the mayoralty of the first Quincy. The trees now making so fine an avenue of the Charles Street Mall were planted then. Virtually the Common was almost doubled in size by these improvements. Fifty years ago, under the masterly lead of Mr. Samuel E. Guild, the Public Garden was created on what had been an unsightly beach of salt mud on the western side of Charles Street.

When in 1831 the construction of the Worcester and Western Railway was made certain, another set of adventurers filled up the "South Cove," which indented the shore on the east side. Here again, therefore, is a series of rectangular and level streets. Washington Street curves as the crest of the old isthmus curves. In the old days it was the only street between the South Cove on the east and the Back Bay on the west.

Go through Union Park Street from Washington, and turn in by the side of the

Temple Shalom. You can see from the steps the remains of a wooden wharf where your grandfather bought cabbages and firewood "imported" from Maine. The Temple Shalom stands where the schooner lay from which they were landed.

The traces of this history are found by the pilgrim on the spot and in the names of streets and squares. Beacon Street commemorates the beacon which was ready to summon the soldiers of the bay in the event of any attack. General Gage was sadly frightened when he received a report one morning that a tar-barrel had been found in the iron basket of the beacon. I can not find that the beacon was ever really fired. And here I may say that, of six forts built in succession where Fort Independence now stands, no one ever fired a shot in anger. But the tower of Brattle Street Meeting House preserved to the last an iron cannon ball which struck it in a cannonade ordered by Washington in the siege of Boston. Mr. Holmes's lines on this are these:

“Wears on her bosom as a bride might do
The iron breastpin which the rebels threw.”



The Brattle Street Meeting House.*

Fort Hill was dug away to a level a generation ago, but a pretty circle of grass preserves the name, though there be no hill.

The reader may now safely be trusted to go out from the center on the excursions described in these letters.

* Observe the cannon ball over the doorway.

I.

WARS AND RUMORS OF WARS.

CRANBERRY CENTRE, *July 20, 1898.*

MY DEAR COLONEL INGHAM: I have your letter too late, alas! to meet you at the train. But William will meet you with this, and take you to the house directly. Meanwhile, you will want to be showing the lions to your wife and to those fine boys. Take this letter with you as your marching guide.

If I know those boys of yours, they will be eager, first of all, about Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill. Why do you not take their broad hints, and at the same time indulge your wife's curiosity about the homes of Emerson, and of Hawthorne, where she will now find Mrs. Lothrop, and where even the "hack-driver" will tell her stories of Thoreau?

Indeed, if you break this open before you

leave the station, you can send Mrs. Ingham and the trunks to our house, and you and the children can start on foot.

For, in a sense, when you meet William at the Providence station, you are all standing where you might have been swimming when and where the battle of Lexington began. That was all water then, and you must impress it on the boys that near that spot the boats from King George's squadron met quietly to forward the regiments detached for a surprise excursion on the evening of the 18th of April, 1775. You may as well take the boys with you through Arlington Street to Beacon Street and then to the Union Boat Club House. Impress it on them, all the way, that this was all under water then, and that after dark, on that eventful April evening, rather more than a thousand soldiers were being rowed by the seamen of the fleet to East Cambridge—what they then called Phips's Farm. Go in from Beacon Street through a little street they call Otter Street, and

almost directly north, nearly parallel with the present land line, these thousand men were taken thus across the mouth of Charles River. The bridge to Cambridge—what Mr. Lowell calls one of our “caterpillar bridges”—crosses their line. But I think you can see a steeple and a chimney on the East Cambridge shore above that bridge.

Do not go any farther with them then, but take them back to the house, and as soon as their mother is ready, after breakfast, you can all start for Lexington and Concord, on the line on which Lord Percy followed the first detachment: The boys will know that he went the next day.

I do not know how you feel about money. It is well worth what a carriage will cost you. But if I had your legs and the boys', I would do it all, with the help of the trolleys and the steam cars, for half a dollar apiece. Let that be as madam says.

Percy's brigade slept that night in their tents on the Common. And if you choose you can walk across on the broad path from

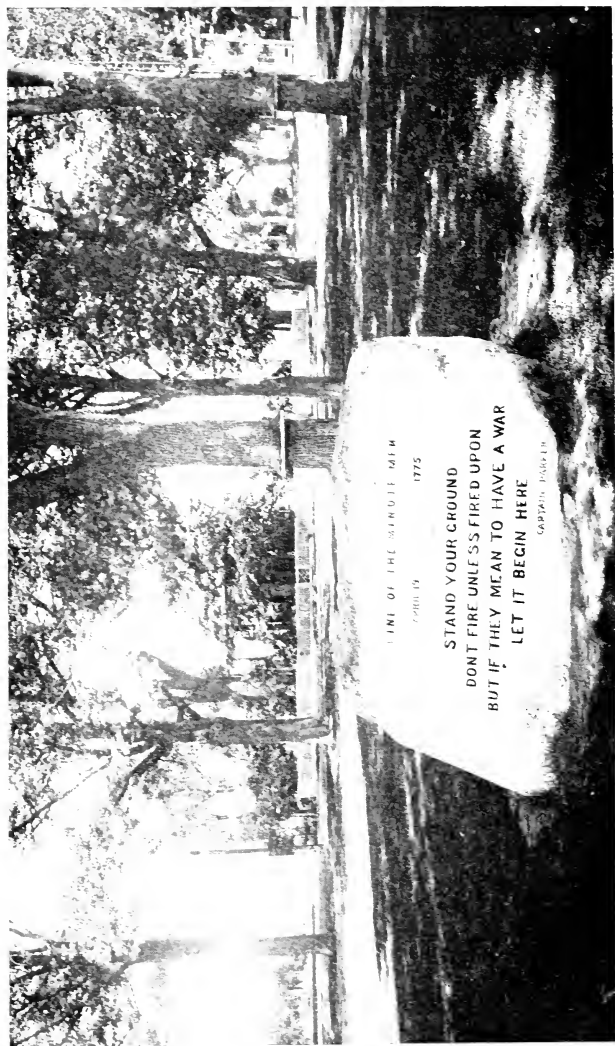
the Providence station to West Street over the very line of his little camp. With these eyes I have seen the rings, in the green grass of the spring, which showed where his tents were. Colonel Smith had been sent out with his thousand men as a sort of surprise, by night. But he sent word back that the country was alarmed, and Percy was directed to take a large detachment to his relief. Percy was a fine young fellow, a spirited soldier, son of the Duke of Northumberland, whom he succeeded afterward in the dukedom. He was half-brother, by another mother, of that James Smithson who founded the Smithsonian Institution. Perhaps the name Smithson is now better known than that of Percy among English-speaking people; certainly James hoped it would be. Percy paraded his men early and marched them out from the Common to what we call Tremont Street, and there they were drawn up across the head of School Street, all ready to march, but that he had to wait for the detachment of marines from the fleet who were to join him.

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LINE OF THE MINUTE MAN

APRIL 19

1775

STAND YOUR GROUND
DONT FIRE UNLESS FIRED UPON
BUT IF THEY MEAN TO HAVE A WAR
LET IT BEGIN HERE

CAPTAIN PARKER

Boulder on Lexington Common.

“Where are those marines?”

Where, indeed! At last an orderly was summoned, who stated, with true British precision, that he had left the order for Major Pitcairn, the commander of the marines, at his headquarters the evening before. And four hours before this Major Pitcairn had said to the militia on Lexington Green, “Disperse, ye rebels, disperse!” and war had begun. And now his orders are lying sealed on his office table, and he is far away!

As soon as this was found out somebody else got the marines into line, and the column moved out of town over the Neck, exactly away from Concord, where they were going, as the bird flies, but through another country from Colonel Smith's route, so that they might astonish the natives.

Let Mrs. Ingham and the boys understand this. By the way, as you go out, following Lord Percy after one hundred and twenty-two years, you pass between two pretty squares, east and west of Washington Street. Tell the boys that here were the

farthest redoubts held by the English troops. Dr. Weld told me he had often driven his father's cows over them. Ask the driver or conductor to show you the old burial ground at Eustis Street.

Go up the hill to the Norfolk House and Center Street. At Center Street is the "parting stone." Your road is the Cambridge road, the other road is the Rhode Island road.

Now you must leave your car, if you are in it. If you are in a carriage, tell the driver to go to Brookline. If you walk, you have only to go down the hill, and at the great arches of the Providence Railway take a Brookline car. Tell the conductor that you want to go through Harvard Street. Or tell the driver you want to go to Cambridge by the old road, crossing the river by the old bridge at Cambridge.

Now you are on Percy's line of march. Somewhere here in Roxbury his band was playing "Yankee Doodle." Percy saw a boy deriding the column by shouts and gestures, and called him to scold him. "You go out

to Yankee Doodle," said the boy, "but you will come back to Chevy Chase!" And Dr. Gordon, who tells the story, says that the boy's words haunted Earl Percy all day.

The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.

If anybody knew that ballad, "Erle Percy" did.

Rather more than two miles from the parting stone you will pass the old "Lafayette Tavern" on your left, and in half a mile more will be in sight of the Cambridge boathouses and will have Charles River to cross. Earl Percy came there as you do, but the American General Heath had ordered that the planks of the little bridge should be taken up to check him. So the earl found no bridge. But alas, the Yankees had not yet learned what war is! They had frugally piled the planks on the Cambridge shore. If they had thrown them into the river Smith's detachment would hardly have returned to Boston that night.

As it was, Percy put men across to lay the bridge again, and after a tedious delay he crossed with his "army," which had now marched eight or more miles. You are only three miles from Boston by the road of to-day.

Stop, if you like, in Cambridge, at Gore Hall and ask for some of the old Revolutionary maps and pictures. Gore Hall is the college library, and they will be very courteous to you. Make a stop for lunch at the trolley station in Harvard Square.

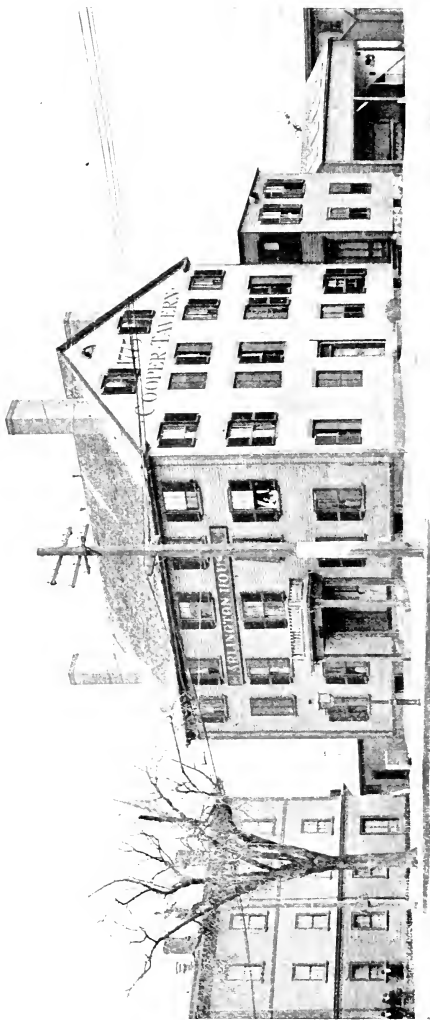
Your next objective is Arlington, once West Cambridge, and in Percy's days Menotomy. Percy was confused when he came up to the town of Cambridge from the broken bridge. Nobody appeared to tell him the way, but a poor college tutor was caught, whose name I may repeat, as it was Smith. He could not tell a lie, and he directed the commander to Menotomy; for which offense against liberty he was ostracized by the people and had to retire to Halifax for eight years.

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Cooper Tavern, Arlington.

You have had a trolley, or a good road, to Arlington. At Arlington you will find a tablet which shows where the first victory of the war was won—unless you count the Boston boys' victory about the sleds and the coasting. For here, under the lead of an old negro soldier, the "exempts" of Menotomy cut off Percy's supply train, the meat (and drink) for his little army. This essential of war had been detained at the bridge. So the first real victory of the war was won by a black man. It was at Menotomy, now Arlington, that Percy first learned that fighting was going on beyond.

I once made the excursion which I am describing to you, on the 19th of April. On that day you will see a flag on every old-fashioned house between Arlington and Lexington. And if you stop at the door of any such house, you will be asked if you do not want to see where Cephas Willard died, or somebody else. Or would you like to see the blood stain on the floor, or the bullet in a beam? These people are

proud of these memories and preserve their memorials.

It is not a long march or ride to Lexington. There, on the hill southeast of the village, Percy met the flying column of Colonel Smith. Smith was himself wounded, and was in a "chaise" which had been improvised for the purpose. He disappears from history from this time. Percy unlimbered his cannon, and, when he got a chance, fired a round shot up the road. I think they show one or two of these balls in the Public Library of Lexington.

For you will find the public library open and hospitable, and ready to tell you and show you everything. It is on the right-hand side of the road. Among other things they will show you a portrait of Lord Percy, which the present Duke of Northumberland sent them. He was very much pleased when Rev. Mr. Porter told him that the Lexington people sometimes spoke of "our Lord Percy." By the way, Percy's letters home to his father and mother are among the most life-

like memorials which we have of that winter. Poor fellow, he got enough of campaigning under that lazy Sir William Howe, and went back to England. He did not appear as a soldier again until as Duke of Northumberland he commanded the volunteers who were expected to drive away Napoleon when he made the descent which never came on the English shore. All the Percys were Smithsons by name, Lord Percy's father being only the third duke of this creation. The Dudley line of Dukes of Northumberland had run out in another century, or had been beheaded.

With the boys fairly landed in the library, and a walk up to the "center" of the town to see the monument and to read the inscription, I am afraid these instructions will end. Though if you are "doing the thing" as an English traveler would do it, you would include Concord, Bunker Hill, Harvard College, and the House with Seven Gables in the same day. As it is, I will have mercy on you, and let you come home.

There will be some music somewhere in the evening. Indeed, you will find Boston a good watering place.

If mamma is too tired to take the children out in the evening, you, Fritz, may read the ballad of the New England Chevy Chase aloud to the rest; and then Pauline may commit it to memory, to recite at the next meeting of the Great Granddaughters of the Revolution. Here it is:

NEW ENGLAND'S CHEVY CHASE.

'Twas the dead of the night. By the pine-knot's red
light

Brooks lay, half asleep, when he heard the alarm—
Only this, and no more, from a voice at the door:

“The Red-Coats are out, and have passed Phips's
farm.”

Brooks was booted and spurred; he said never a
word;

Took his horn from its peg, and his gun from the
rack;

To the cold midnight air he led out his white mare,
Strapped the girths and the bridle, and sprang to
her back.

Up the North Country Road at her full pace she
strode,

Till Brooks reined her up at John Tarbell's to say,

“We have got the alarm—they have left Phips’s farm ;

You rouse the East Precinct, and I’ll go this way.”

John called his hired man, and they harnessed the span ;

They roused Abram Garfield, and Abram called me :

“Turn out right away ; let no minute-man stay ;

The Red-Coats have landed at Phips’s,” says he.

By the Powder-House Green seven others fell in ;

At Nahum’s the men from the saw-mill came down ;

So that when Jabez Bland gave the word of command,

And said, “Forward, march !” there marched forward The Town.

Parson Wilderspin stood by the side of the road,

And he took off his hat, and he said, “Let us pray !

O Lord, God of Might, let thine angels of light

Lead thy children to-night to the glories of day !

And let thy stars fight all the foes of the Right

As the stars fought of old against Sisera.”

And from heaven’s high arch those stars blessed our march,

Till the last of them faded in twilight away ;

And with morning’s bright beam, by the bank of the stream,

Half the county marched in, and we heard Davis say :

“ On the King’s own highway I may travel all day,
And no man hath warrant to stop me,” says he ;
“ I’ve no man that’s afraid, and I’ll march at their
head.”

Then he turned to the boys—“ Forward, march !
Follow me.”

And we marched as he said ; and the fifer he played
The old White Cockade, and he played it right
well.

We saw Davis fall dead, but no man was afraid ;
That bridge we’d have had, though a thousand men
fell.

This opened the play, and it lasted all day.

We made Concord too hot for the Red-Coats to
stay ;

Down the Lexington way we stormed, black, white,
and gray ;

We were first in the feast, and were last in the
fray.

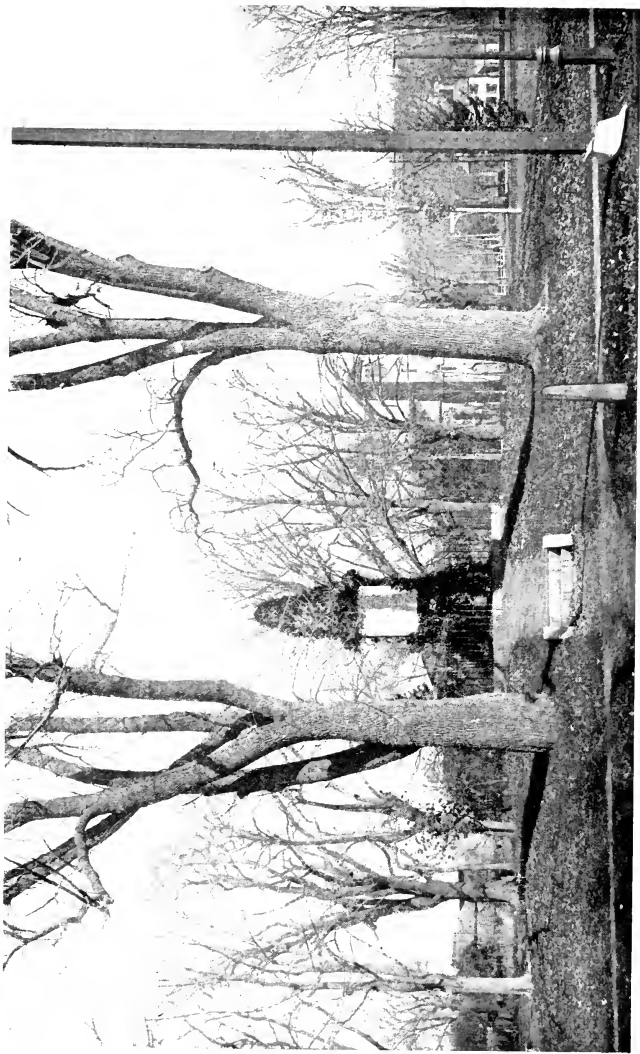
They would turn in dismay, as red wolves turn at
bay.

They leveled, they fired, they charged up the
road.

Cephas Willard fell dead ; he was shot in the head
As he knelt by Aunt Prudence’s well-sweep to load.

John Danforth was hit just in Lexington Street,
John Bridge at that lane where you cross Beaver
Falls,

And Winch and the Snows just above John Munroe’s,
Swept away by one swoop of the big cannon balls.



Monument on Lexington Common.

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ASTOR, LENOX & T.
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.

C

L

I took Bridge on my knee, but he said, "Don't mind me ;

Fill your horn from mine—let me lie where I be.
Our fathers," says he, "that their sons might be free,
Left their king on his throne and came over the sea ;

And that man is a knave or a fool who, to save
His life for a minute, would live like a slave."

Well, all would not do ! There were men good as new—

From Rumford, from Saugus, from towns far away—

Who filled up quick and well for each soldier that fell ;

And we drove them, and drove them, and drove them all day.

We knew, every one, it was war that begun,
When that morning's marching was only half done.

In the hazy twilight, at the coming of night,

I crowded three buckshot and one bullet down.

'Twas my last charge of lead ; and I aimed her, and said,

"Good luck to you, lobsters, in old Boston Town."

In a barn at Milk Row, Ephraim Bates and Munroe
And Baker and Abram and I made a bed.

We had mighty sore feet, and we'd nothing to eat ;
But we'd driven the Red-Coats, and Amos, he said :

"It's the first time," says he, "that it's happened to me

To march to the sea by this road where we've come ;

But confound this whole day, but we'd all of us say
We'd rather have spent it this way than to home."

The hunt had begun with the dawn of the sun,
And night saw the wolf driven back to his den.
And never since then, in the memory of men,
Has the old Bay State seen such a hunting again.

II.

BUNKER HILL.

IF all this be not enough of wars and rumors of wars, there is a nice little afternoon expedition which the young people can take by themselves while Papa and Mamma are writing their letters or taking their naps.

It is the journey by land to Fort Independence, which is on an island—Castle Island.

As long ago as 1630, when Governor Winthrop brought the first colonists to Boston, he saw that he should defend the harbor best by a fort on what was called Castle Island. All the towns in the little State were taxed to build the "Castle," and it was finished well enough to have cannon on it in 1634. Between that time and this, six forts have been built there and opposite it. There will be time for this another day. But now the boys

will wonder that they have not been to Bunker Hill. Of course they saw the monument very early in the business. Did not Paul repeat—

“Let it rise till it meet the sun in his coming! Let the earliest rays of morning gild it, and let the parting day linger and play upon its summit!”

But all of the youngsters will want to trudge up to the top and count the steps. I think mamma will prefer to attend the meeting of the “Granddaughters of Queen Anne’s Counselors,” and that papa will have a business engagement with Sewall and Saltonstall about some wheat he has off Tierra del Fuego.

Very well! Off with you, and even if you have English tongues, still you need not ask anybody where to go. Just show yourselves in the northern part of Washington Street, or in the subway at Scollay Square, and look for a northward bound car, marked

“BUNKER HILL!”

Somebody complains because he does not like to find *Tintagel* in Bradshaw’s Guide. I

may say, in passing, that it is not there, for I have looked for it. But I never complain when I see BUNKER HILL on a car, even if I have no business there, as General Howe and Major Pitcairn had. It does one good to be taken back a hundred and twenty-three years or thereabouts.

Enter the car bravely, and affect to know the whole way. Let us hope you all know that the sun is in the south at noon and in the west in the afternoon, so that you shall not travel southward to Roxbury. You shall go to see General Ward's forts there another day.

Where you cross this bridge there was a ferry the day the battle was fought—yes, and for one hundred and forty-five years before. It was there, Jane, that your grandmother's grandfather and his wife came over with Winthrop in 1630. They all came first to Charlestown, where we are going now. And there your great-great-grandfather began a little hut, something like Nansen's, on the side of the hill. But they sickened there; they had no good water. And one day a man named

William Blaxton came over from the Shawmut, where you are making your visit, now called Boston. And he told them that over there he had good water, and so your ancestor, and perhaps twenty-five more like him, with their wives and babies, went over. And this made the beginning of a ferry way which lasted till this very bridge was built—oh, fifteen years or so after the battle.

It was across here that Paul Revere came in his little boat before the battle of Lexington, as you have read in Mr. Longfellow's ballad of Paul Revere's Ride.

On through the "Square," which, like most Boston squares, has more than four corners, and here the motorman says, "Far'z we go," and we see that we can walk right up the hill to the monument.

It is not very far, Paul, from the slope where Major Abercrombie led up his red-coats, and heard some one from the other side of the breastwork cry out:

"Are the Americans cowards, Major Abercrombie?"



The Battle of Bunker Hill.

From Trumbull's painting.

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ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

C

L

And here we are, with the great stone obelisk above us. And here is the door. The chances are good that the keeper can tell us all about it. In some years there is an elevator running to take us up; in some years no. Who cares, if we are more than eight years old and not yet twenty? We shall like to count the stairs.

Ask the doorkeeper if he have General Devens's address, delivered in General Grant's presence, on the anniversary of the battle. If he has, buy it. It will tell you the whole story.

When you come home at night tell the old folks what you have seen. This time there shall be two ballads. Here is a verse from one by a Yankee soldier. I am afraid he was not in the trenches:

THE BALLAD OF BUNKER HILL.

We lay in the trenches we'd dug in the ground
While *Phæbus* blazed down from his Glory-lined
Car;
And then from the lips of our *Leader* renowned
This Lesson we heard in the *Science* of War!

“Let the Foeman draw nigh
 Till the *White* of his *Eye*
 Is in range with your *Rifles*, and then, *Lads!* Let
 Fly!
 And show to *Columbia*, to *Britain*, and *Fame*,
 How *Justice* smiles awful when *Freemen* take Aim!”

Now, this other one is not so good for poetry, but it is genuine. I print it from the old yellow “broadside,” as such things are called. It was printed in Boston, I suppose to encourage recruiting in the British army:



Reproduction of cut from the original “broadside.”

A SONG,

COMPOSED AFTER THE FIGHT AT BUNKER HILL, JUNE 17, 1775.

It was on the seventeenth by brake of day,
 The Yankees did surprise us,
 With their strong works they had thrown up,
 To burn the town and drive us;

But soon we had an order come,
An order to defeat them :
Like rebels stout they stood it out
And thought we ne'er could beat them.

About the hour of twelve that day,
An order came for marching,
With three good flints and sixty rounds,
Each man hop'd to discharge them.
We marched down to the long wharf,
Where boats were ready waiting ;
With expedition we embark'd,
Our ships kept cannonading.

And when our boats all filled were
With officers and soldiers,
With as good troops as England had,
To oppose who dare controul us ;
And when our boats all filled were
We row'd in line of battle,
Where show'rs of balls like hail did fly,
Our cannon loud did rattle.

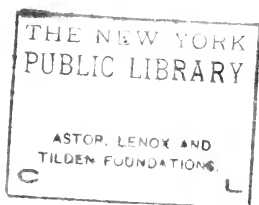
There was Cop's hill battery near Charlestown,
Our twenty-fours they played,
And the three frigates in the stream
That very well behaved ;
The Glasgow frigate clear'd the shore,
All at the time of landing,
With her grape shot and cannon balls
No Yankee e'er could stand them.

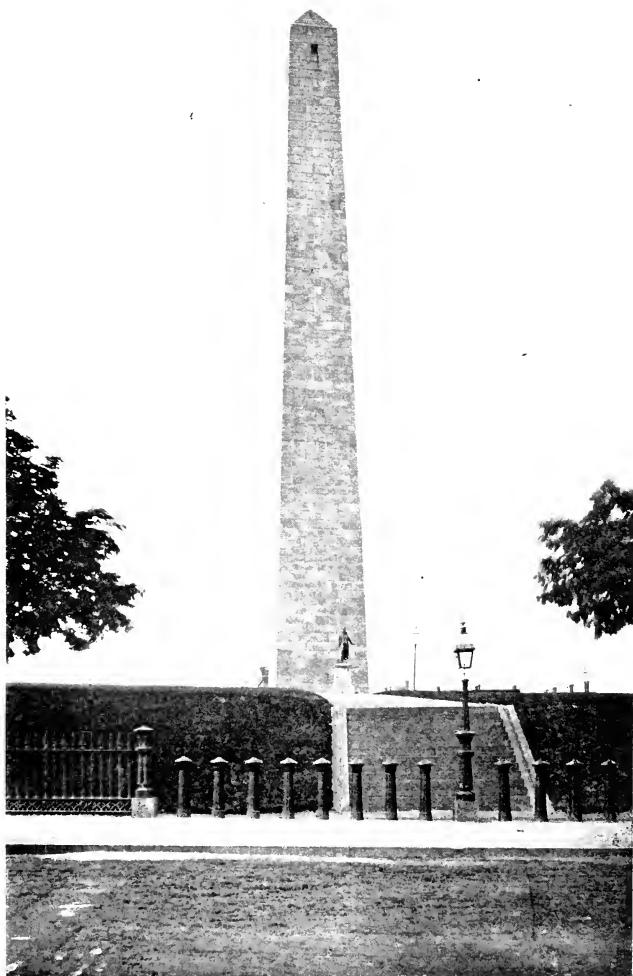
And when we landed on the shore,
And drew up all together ;
The Yankees they all man'd their works,
And thought we'd ne'er come thither :
But soon they did perceive brave Howe,
Brave Howe, our bold commander,
With grenadiers, and infantry,
We made them to surrender.

Brave William Howe, on our right wing,
Cry'd, boys fight on like thunder ;
You soon will see the rebels flee
With great amaze and wonder.
Now some lay bleeding on the ground
And some full fast a running
O'er hills and dales and mountains high,
Crying, zounds ! brave Howe's a coming.

They began to play on our left wing,
Where Pegot he commanded ;
But we return'd it back again
With courage most undaunted.
To our grape shot and musket balls,
To which they were but strangers,
They thought to come in with sword in hand,
But soon they found their danger.

And when the works they got into,
And put them to the flight, sir,
Some of them did hide themselves,
And others died with fright, sir.





Bunker Hill Monument.

And then their works we got into
Without great fear or danger,
The work they'd made so firm and strong :
The Yankees are great strangers.

But as for our artillery
They all behaved dinty ;
For while their ammunition held,
We gave it to them plenty.
But our conductor he got broke
For his misconduct, sure, sir ;
The shot he sent for twelve-pound guns
Were made for twenty-four, sir.

There's some in Boston pleas'd to say,
As we the field were taking,
We went to kill their countrymen,
While they their hay were making ;
For such stout Whigs I never saw ;
To hang them all I'd rather,
For making hay with musket-balls,
And buck-shot mixed together.

Brave Howe is so considerate,
As to prevent all danger ;
He allows half a pint a day ;
To rum we are no strangers.
Long may he live by land and sea,
For he's beloved by many ;
The name of Howe the Yankees dread,
We see it very plainly.

And now my song is at an end ;
And to conclude my ditty,
It is the poor and ignorant,
And only them, I pity.
As for their king John Hancock,
And Adams, if they're taken,
Their heads for signs shall hang up high
Upon that hill call'd Bacon.

III.

JOHN ELIOT AND HIS INDIANS.

TO MRS. FREDERIC INGHAM—DEAR POLLY:
I understand what you say, and I have read between the lines. That tall Polly of yours will be at meetings of "Colonial Dames" and "Daughters of the Pyrates," and I do not know what other conclaves, when she gets home, and she wants to talk literature. She will want to say that she has seen the home of this author and walked in the footsteps of that.

Dear child, she shall. And you and I will lead her.

She knows, and you know and I know, that the first absolutely first-rate work done in a literary way here was John Eliot's work—the dear Indian apostle. He was really a very remarkable man. Do you know that

when the great linguists of this century got to work, the people we call philologists now, the Grimms, the Duponceaus, the Brintons, and the rest of them, when they buckled down to old John Eliot's studies of the Indian language they found he understood his business as well as the best of them, and did as clean and thorough a bit of work as ever was done? That speaks pretty well for his Jesus College, at Cambridge, and pretty well for the grit of the dear old fellow himself.

Nobody has any excuse for ignorance now, for Eliot's admirable successor, one of to-day's apostles, Dr. De Normandie, has written out all Eliot's history. I have the paper before me as I write, and I shall send it to your Polly. This letter, in fact, is all taken from it. You will find it in the New England Magazine, where there is so much else which a traveller values.

It is only as far as the little statue in a niche, where Roxbury Street leaves Washington Street, that you will follow Percy's march, where you went when you were seek-

ing battle memories. And now practically your "Eliot pilgrimage" will be over new ground. Look at the little statue in the niche—remember that Percy took the road to the right, and do you go to the left as far as the People's Bank. A little behind the People's Bank stood the parsonage where John Eliot lived from the month of November in the year 1632, when he came to be "teacher" of the First Church in Roxbury, where Thomas Weld had already been chosen "minister and pastor." Young Eliot had graduated at the English Cambridge in 1623, having studied at Jesus College. Let us hope that that society knows enough to count him in the front company of its noblest sons. Eliot had married, only the month before, the lady whom he called his "ancient dearly beloved wife" fifty-three years afterward.

While your husband goes upstairs to the bank to ask for change for a bill, you can "dilate with the right emotions," as Mr. Choate said. You and the children can look northward to the new block of stores, where

Mr. Norton has his furnace and stove shop. On that corner General Artemas Ward, the first commander of the Continental army, had a little fortification, the guns of which commanded the street over which you have come, so that the English could not come out. To build this, Ward pulled down the house of Thomas Dudley, the second governor of the colony, kinsman, perhaps, of Leicester and Amy Robsart. I say perhaps, because I do not know, nor does any one else.

Now I am not going to instruct you about methods of travel. Who am I, to decide between a Columbia and a Crescent, and I dare say those boys and girls of yours will all expect to take the wheel. As it is John Eliot we are tracing along, you will do well to go up Warren Street far enough to see the Latin School which he founded, which is on Kearsarge Avenue, a little off Warren Street. We call it the best classical school in America, and we are very proud that John Eliot is its founder.

But do not "dilate" with the wrong emo-

tion because it is on Kearsarge Avenue. Do not say "How fine it is to give an Indian name to the street where is John Eliot's school!" Kearsarge Avenue is so named, very properly, for Admiral Winslow's ship, the "Kearsarge." He fought that fine ship when she sank the "Alabama," and his house was in this street. Kearsarge was and is the name of a mountain in New Hampshire. Ships, by the way, should never be named from mountains, which can not move, but rather from rivers, which can. Andes is a bad name for a ship, and Niagara is a good one. Kearsarge is not an Indian name. The hill in New Hampshire was the property of one Hezekiah Sargent, familiarly called "Kiah Sargent." This name, for short, became "Keah-sarge," and the mountain is so named to this day, and the ship from the mountain and the street from the ship. I tell this to you, dear Polly the younger, because we will study John Eliot's Massachusetts language as we go, and I do not want you to hunt for any impossible ety-

mologies of stray Indian words like "Kearsarge." *

While the children are on their wheels, running down to Canton, which is only ten miles or so away, your husband and you may as well take the trolley to Jamaica Plain, where are the Eliot schoolhouse and the Eliot Club—names which show at least that we Roxbury people know how to honor our

* I have said above what I believe to be true. But the subject is one of the sorest among New Hampshire antiquarians. There are now two Mount Kearsarges in New Hampshire. One is in Warner, in the southern part of the State, and has been known by the name of Kearsarge for a long time. The other is in North Conway, in the northern part of the State, and was formerly named Pequawket. In my judgment, it ought to be named Pequawket to this day; it is mentioned by that name in the fine ballad of Lovell's Fight, one of the few New England ballads. But somebody chose to name it Kearsarge within the memory of living men.

When the ship was built, the Governor of New Hampshire was asked to furnish the names of some mountains in New Hampshire, for which it might be named. He asked his son to select two or three names, and among the rest the son selected the name Kearsarge. He sent his letter to Washington. At the same time he sent to the library for one of the early maps, on which the Kearsarge in Warner, the original Kearsarge, was named. Then and there he found that the hill was called "Hezekiah Sargent's Hill." This gentleman told me, and I have not chosen to go behind his information in the information which I have given to Polly Ingham.—EDWARD E. HALE.

ancestors, for Jamaica Plain is part of Roxbury. If anybody cares, the Jamaica planters used to build their summer homes here before the Revolution. Here you will take the train for Canton, from our wonderful new station house. And, once for all, the young people and you had better invest fifteen cents at Mr. Backup's for a Trolley Guide, and you had better have in your pocket the little book "By Broomstick Train." Then I shall not have to be telling you at every second line what these little books will tell you much better.

Also, you may as well spend the waiting minutes and hours of the pilgrimage by picking up the rudiments of the language to which dear John Eliot gave so much of his life. It is indeed rather strange that we know so little of it as we do. Richard Greenough was in State Street one day, when a man asked him what was the old name of Boston. "Trimountain, do you mean?" asked Greenough. "No—that would not answer." "Shawmut, perhaps?" "Ah, yes, sir. Thank you. Now

you can tell me where the Shawmut Bank is ? ”

Shawmut Avenue ends where Ward's battery stood. And you may as well remember that “ut” or “et” means “the place,” and is here as a location after Mishawm, which means “boats.” Thus the peninsula was named “the place of boats,” not a bad name for yachtsmen to remember now.

I do not “seem to remember,” as our fine vernacular has it, any other Indian names in Boston but “Winnisimmet” for the ferry, “Waban,” “Monadnock,” and “Waumbeck” streets, and the village of “Mattapan.” The historian of Chelsea does not tell us the meaning of Winnisimmet. I am disposed to think that it is a euphonism for Winnesipet. “Winne” is “fine,” which we have in “Winnepesaukee,” “Winnipeg,” and other Algonkin words; “sippe” is “running water,” and “et,” like “ut,” “the place.” “The fine place of running water” is a good name for the mouth of Charles River. We have “sippi” in Mississippi, “the great river”—a

name, by the way, which shows that Algonkins had to do with the naming of it. Some of us think that when La Salle took Massachusetts Indians to make his discovery of that river for him, he did so because they had been there before. Coxe says so distinctly in his "Carolana." But we can not really prove it.

Waban Street is named from the chief Waban, who heard Eliot's first sermon. As Dr. De Normandie tells us, his name meant "the wind." Monadnock is named from the distant mountain in New Hampshire. I suppose the word meant, originally, the "land of wolves," or the "place of wolves."

At Canton station we shall wait for the bicycles. Here we shall go to see the Eliot Fountain at Ponkapog. There is a picture of it in Dr. De Normandie's article. This is the inscription: "In Memory of the Labors of the Apostle Eliot among the Indians of Ponkapog, 1655-1690."

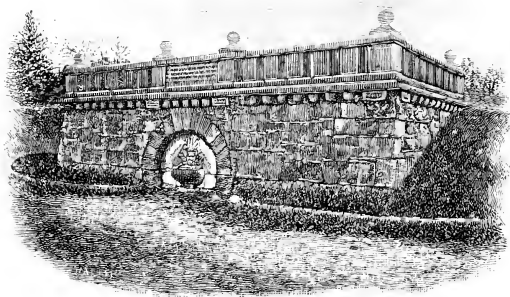
Do you not wish that people would not speak of the "labors" of a man whose "work" they mean to praise? Paul spoke

of his own "labors," but this was in his modest way, because he must not praise himself. Work is the power of spirit over matter. Labor is drudgery, which wears out and wears down. A locomotive engineer says an engine "works well," or "she labors badly." He never would say she "labors well," or that she "works badly." This monument really marks the "work" of John Eliot.

I have brought you here because here you are so close to the Blue Hills which give the name to the State. "Massa" is "great"; it is of the same root as "Missi" in Mississippi; "wadtchu" is "hill," as in "Wachuset," and "et," as before said, is the terminal for "place." When you read in Eliot's Bible of the "Sermon on the Mount," you will read that Jesus sat on "wadtchu," "a mountain." I think it is rather pleasant that we have this connection with the name of the State.

You had better by all means go to Ponkapog pond, which gave the name to these Indians, if you have time. "Pog" or "Paug," as a termination, always means

“inclosed water.” I do not know—and they on the spot can tell you better than I—but I suppose that Ponkapog means “pond with a house,” and I think there must have been a “hot-house” for the Turkish bath, as the Indians practiced. We have a Hot-house



The Eliot memorial at Newton.

Pond, thus named, within a mile of my house in the Narragansett country.

There would be a pretty ride, northwest for some fifteen miles across the country, to Natick, associated in everybody's mind with John Eliot. But we want to stop at Nonantum, the first place where he preached to them, so we will go back, bikes and all, to

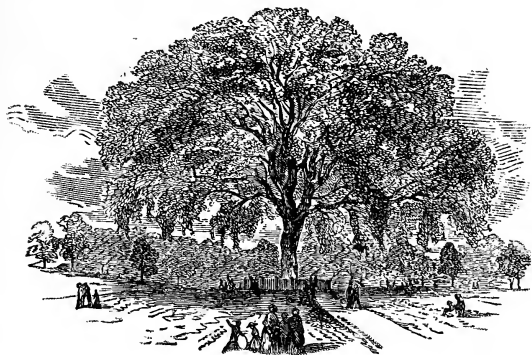
Boston and take the steam train to Newton, or the pretty trolley road, with care about transfers. Look again in Dr. De Normandie's article for precise directions, or ask at the station in Newton. The place was on a hillside, perhaps half a mile from the station, and is now marked by an elaborate memorial, built by the Newton people.

“Here At Nonantum, Oct. 28, 1646, In
Waban's Wigwam
Near This Spot, JOHN ELIOT Began to
Preach The Gospel to
The Indians. Here He Founded The First
Christian
Community Of Indians Within The Eng-
lish Colonies.”

This is the inscription.

Word had been given to the redskins that he would preach, and a large number of them met in Waban's wigwam. Eliot preached from Ezekiel xxxvii, 9: “Son of Man, say to the wind, Thus saith the Lord God.” Now, as I said, “Waban” means wind, and the Indian braves who could understand thought that Eliot brought a direct message

from the Lord to Waban. Eliot says that he had never thought of this in selecting the text. But, of course, when it came to uttering it, he must have seen how fortunate was



The old elm on Boston Common as it was.
From an old print.

the double meaning. Alas, that so much of such preaching seems to have been talk to the wind indeed !

Four years after, Natick—which they say means “a place of hills,” by abbreviation, I think, from some longer word—was chosen for a Christian settlement. The village is not where the Natick of the railway stands. That town, a large manufacturing place, is

about two miles from our Natick, which is the South Natick of the map, a pretty country village about two miles southeast from the railway station. Here you will find courteous and intelligent gentlemen and ladies who will be glad to show you the interesting memorials. First of all the John Eliot oak. Then the gravestone with the name of one of the converts, and indeed all the burial ground, is interesting. You had better take Old-Town Folks with you and look up the memories of Mrs. Stowe's work. Her husband, the distinguished Old Testament scholar, had the Scotch gift of second sight. He was born in Natick. He told me that when he was a child, looking northward over the comparatively level country over which you have ridden from Boston, he saw of a sudden a carriage without horses dragging a train of others behind it rush across the field from east to west. He told his story at home, and I think was whipped for lying. The line of carriages ran where you rode in one as you came to Natick! He

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The Eliot Oak at Natick.

was a child, and even Stephenson had never dreamed of a railway train.

Mr. Stowe used to say that in his boyhood the Natick Indians had special privileges in his grandfather's house there. Any Indian might come in at any time and might sleep by the kitchen fire. A hogshead of cider was always set apart for the free use of any Indian. They were regarded as quite a different sort of being from the other tramps of the day, and had privileges of their own.

Polly dear—young Polly, I mean—see how far we have advanced in our study of the Massachusetts language. In twenty days of such study you would know more of it than my courier in Spain knew of the language of Sancho Panza. We have learned that “auke” or “ocke,” means earth, place; “paug” or “pog” means inclosed water; “massa” means large; “missi” means large; “mishawm” means boats; “monad’n” means wolves; “nonantum” means rejoicing; “Natick” means place of hills; “ponka” means a hut or huts; “sippi” means river; “ut”

means at the place; “wadetchu” means hill; “winne” means fine; and we knew before that “wigwam” meant house.

For to-night’s reading you may take a few verses from Roger Williams:

Coarse bread and water’s most their fare.
O England’s diet fine,
Thy cup runs o’er with plenteous store
Of wholesome beer and wine.

Sometimes God gives them fish or flesh,
Yet they’re content without;
And what comes in they part to friends
And strangers round about.

God’s providence is rich to his,
Let none distrustful be;
In wilderness, in great distress,
These ravens have fed me.

God gives them sleep on ground, on straw,
On sedgy mats, or board:
When England’s softest beds of down
Sometimes no sleep afford.

I have known them leave their house or mat
To lodge a friend or stranger,
When Jews and Christians oft have sent
Christ Jesus to the manger.

IV. TO FIND ONE'S WAY.

THE joke with strangers in Boston, who want to find their way without a map, is to say—

“Be sure what is the direction by compass of the place you are going to, and take the first street car which goes the opposite way.”

This rule often answers very well. It might be expected in a town laid out by seafaring men, who often have to tack northeast and northwest if they want to go northward.

A better rule is that which Dr. Arnold gives somewhere in his letters, and which Stanley, the beloved Dean of Westminster, repeated to me when he was traveling in this country. When he came to Boston in 1878 I asked him what he wanted to see in Boston: did he want to see institutions, or

buildings, or men? for that he should see whatever he wanted. He answered, good-naturedly and with a laugh, that the old historical impulse had broken out again. "I want to see anything about history. Show me where the Old Elm was on Boston Common. I know that it has been blown down, but I want to see what there is left of it." He told me that the first day he arrived he had gone to the top of the State House. He said this was in following out a rule of the great Thomas Arnold, who said that when you visited a new place you ought to see it from above, that you might understand afterward something of its geography. And afterward Phillips Brooks gave me a most amusing account of this visit to the top of the State House. Stanley was a little man, light and active; and Brooks said he ran up the stairways of the State House as a sparrow might do, in advance, while poor Brooks, who must have weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds if he weighed an ounce, was toiling slowly behind.

I took Stanley at his word. It was in the ride we took then that I showed him Eliot's grave. We took a carriage at once, quite early in the afternoon, and went first that he might see where the Wishing Stone was, and so down to the iron fence which surrounds the relics of the Old Elm. It is now twenty years since the greater part of that tree was blown down, but quite a respectable "scyon" is growing up from the roots, and our great grandchildren will say that from that tree Mary Dyer was hanged. We went up Highland Street, stopped at my own house, and then went to what there was left of Ward's old fort on Fort Hill Street. Observe, this is not the "Fort Hill" of the original Trimount, but was named Fort Hill because Ward put his fort here. It is General Ward's large fort, sometimes called in the braggart authors "a place of arms." If you read the account of it which Hilliard d'Auberteuil, a Frenchman, published in Paris in 1779 you would say it was another Gibraltar.

I have always supposed that Ward made the fort for the sake of giving his soldiers something to do. It was quite large; it had four bastions, one at each corner, and it absolutely commanded the passage out by the Neck. No English force could have moved across the Neck while the Americans held that fort. The small fort, where the Universalist church stood till lately, and where a row of small shops has just now been built, is that we saw the John Eliot day.

I remember that as we stood on this hill and looked around, Stanley asked me which was the forest into which Hester fled with her child in Hawthorne's book. I showed him the edge of the Blue Hills, and told him I thought she probably went there. Afterward we saw Warren's birthplace; we went to Meeting-house Hill that he might get the view from the high land there. I remember he was delighted to find the word "meeting-house" in familiar use, as the carriage driver himself used it in speaking to me. We followed the course by which Ward and Thomas

led the American troops on the night of the 4th of March, and I showed him what there is left of the old fortifications on the South Boston hills. So we returned, after the gas lights were lighted, to the Brunswick House, where he was staying.

I give these details because that very course, in a carriage or on bicycles, is a good route for any one to follow who has but a few hours for history, besides that which we have already studied. You will see from the South Boston hills Hog Island, where Putnam won his first laurels in the Revolution. You can see the two rivers, the Mystic and the Charles, and Bunker Hill between them. You can see how the American army hemmed in the British force, commanded first by Gage and afterward by Howe.

The traveller ought to observe, wherever he goes in Boston, that the very names of the streets carry him back through the history of the town. We should not repeat those names of streets as if there were no meaning attached to them. When we say "Hanover

Street," we should remember what it was to these good people that the house of Hanover came to the throne, and that the Stuarts, whom they hated so thoroughly, were driven away forever. We should remember, and we should thank God, that there is no Bourbon Street, and no Hapsburg. A miserable Stuart Street, two years old, will not last long.

When a visitor from abroad goes through Newbury Street, we do not want him to think merely that the houses are all nailed up, and that all his friends have moved to Bar Harbor or Magnolia or Swampscott. This will be true if he arrives between the first of June and the first of October; but let him, as he turns away discouraged, recollect how Charles I and Prince Rupert turned the tails of their horses on Newbury in England, and retired before a certain Oliver Cromwell and his troopers. Let him say to himself, "These old Puritans named Newbury Street that their children might remember some such passages as that in history." This Newbury Street is not the Newbury

Street they so named; they had occasion afterward to change the name of that street to Washington Street, in honor of a certain George Washington who followed in the footsteps of that Oliver Cromwell.

When the stranger goes through Marlborough Street, looking for some few of his cousins who may not have gone to their summer bathing place, let him remember how, when the great Duke of Marlborough was beating the French and certain allies of theirs, we were rejoicing here and having Thanksgiving Days in his honor, and that a part of our Washington Street was named Marlborough Street at that time. If he come up from his train by Beach Street, let him remember that here was a beach, and that adventurous boys pushed off their dories as they went out to fish. If he come through Federal Street, let him remember that here was a meeting house made famous by one William Ellery Channing in after-years. And the street changed its name from Long Lane on the famous day when

Convention did in State House meet,
And when it wouldn't hold 'em
They all went down to Federal Street,
And there the truth was told 'em.

That is to say, it was in this meeting house that the convention sat which adopted the Federal Constitution.

So, as history goes by, it has left its imprints. And that is a dull master of a Boston school who can not illustrate the two hundred and fifty years which have passed, in the daily walks of his pupils. I was very much honored, some years ago, when some kindergarten children, none of whom, I think, were more than seven years old, gave me a set of their own drawings of the history of Boston from the time that Winthrop shook hands with Massasoit down to the time when the "Constitution," built at the North End, fought "bold Dacres." I suppose they will name the new park at the North End "Constitution Park" in honor of Hart's Yard, where her keel was laid and where she sprang into life as a thing of beauty.

We have no Constitution Street nor Place nor Wharf nor Park at this moment, but we will have soon. The people at that time observed that the "Constitution" and the "United States" won all the victories, while the "President" was captured and the "Congress" was blockaded.

Some names commemorate events which would else be wholly forgotten. When General Eaton took the city of Derne in northern Africa, by taking the responsibility of a military movement which no one had ordered, Mr. Samuel Russell, then a young man, thought that sufficient deference was not paid Eaton, and himself had a sign painted with the name "Derne Street" upon it, which he nailed upon the corner of the street on which now the northern entrances of the State House open. The State House Park of to-day is therefore bounded by Beacon Street, which commemorates days as early as when the colony defied Charles I; by Derne Street, which commemorates a victory which everybody has forgotten; Bowdoin Street, which

commemorates the first name on the list of the State's delegates to the Continental Congress; and Hancock Avenue, which bears the name of the first signer of the Declaration of Independence. When we "get round to it," as a New England phrase says, we shall erect a statue in his memory.

Any one of my age in America has known personally people who had an active part in the Revolution and has seen many physical memorials of the Revolution in Boston which have not been preserved till to-day. When I was a boy, for instance, the square redoubt which General Gage's troops threw up on Boston Common was in a better condition for its purpose than it was the day after it was built, for it was well sodded by the grass of more than fifty years which had grown on it. In winter we dragged our sleds up through what would be called, I suppose, a sally port, and we coasted down through the same as far as Charles Street Mall, which was then new. Some "capability man" or incapable improver has since

smoothed off the breastworks, because when it rained, water stood behind them.

When, by the direction of the formidable batteries on Dorchester Heights, Washington drove the English out from the town, General Howe took his whole army to Halifax. With the army went a very considerable number of the Tories of Boston and Massachusetts. Washington had no objection to permitting any Tories who wished to go into the besieged city and help General Howe eat the salt pork and salt beef which he had provided for the besieged. I have never seen in print a little scrap which was traditional when I was a boy :

And what have you got for all your designing
But a town without dinner to sit down and dine in ?

A good many such scraps still lingered among people as old as I am, whose ancestry spent the months of siege inside. I have myself seen a lady who was at Faneuil Hall, as a girl of fifteen, when Burgoyne's play, *The Blockade of Boston*, which was being

acted by English officers, was broken up by the news of a sudden attack which Putnam had made upon their barracks in Charlestown. The girls had to go home that night without their escorts. The gay officers were ordered to their posts.

The Tory wits of the town for years before had had their share in making ballads, as our wits had done.

That patriot Jimmy Otis, that bully in disguise,
That well-known tyke of Yorkshire, that magazine
of lies :
And he will mount the rostrum, and loudly he will
bray,
“Rebel, rebel, rebel, rebel, rebel, America !”

This is one of such verses. It is to the air of the British Grenadiers, which is still a favorite in English mess-rooms. I crossed the ocean in 1859 with some English army officers, who sang to us the modern version, which brought in the name of Lord Raglan and the battles of Inkermann and the Alma. I was able to give them the verses of 1775, then nearly eighty years old and unknown to them before.

Come, come, fill up your glasses, and drink a health
to those

Who carry caps and pouches, and wear their loopéd
clothes.

For be you Whig or Tory or any mortal thing,
Be sure that you give glory to George our gracious
king.

For if you prove rebellious, we'll thunder in your
ears

Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, for the British Gren-
adiers !

I may say in passing that the ballad, now so well known, of "Father 'n' I went down to Camp," by Edward Bangs, which belongs to nearly the same time, was written on the other side of the line.

Among the refugee merchants who put all their available stores on board their own vessels to go to Halifax under the escort of General Howe, was my own grandmother's grandfather, a timid merchant at the North End, and, as I believe, a highly respectable person. I am a little apt to think that he signed all the petitions and remonstrances which were offered him by the leaders on either side. He seems to have had a catholic

indifference of opinion, but he was so quiet a person that he had not removed the family out of town during the siege.

Unfortunately for all concerned, except Washington and his army, the fleet in the bay experienced very rough weather before Howe and his admirals were ready to make the voyage to Halifax. My great-great-grandfather's wife was so seasick that she declared she could not survive the voyage; and fortunately for me and mine the sloop on which they were all engaged ran into the harbor of Newburyport. To this fortunate *mal de mer* of my great-great-grandmother do I owe it that, so far as she is concerned, I am an American citizen, or, indeed, I might say, that I am anybody anywhere. I have told in another place the story of the mutton broth which she received in the siege. At the time, the present of the shoulder of mutton from which it was made was ascribed, I believe, to miracle. In the last dozen years we have learned that it came from Major Moncrief as a present to Doctor Eliot, and Doctor

Eliot left it, before light, at the back door of the house in which the invalid was lying. This is, I believe, the Doctor Eliot of whom it is said that, in his broad catholicity, one Sunday when he was engaged in praying for all sorts and conditions of men, for the sick, the prisoners, the sailors, the strangers within our gates, and so on, he concluded this petition by the generous wish, "Last of all, O Lord, for the poor old Devil himself, that his sufferings may be somewhat mitigated." I can not, of course, vouch for the absolute truth of the anecdote; I do know that it reflects very well the large generosity of the man.

I have often seen Major Melvill pass our house, the same who has been immortalized by Doctor Holmes in the ballad of *The Last Leaf*. He wrote this at about the time when I used to see the old gentleman, in his cocked hat, his blue coat, and his buff breeches, pass up or down School Street, by the house where we then lived. He was called, truly or not, one of the survivors of the Tea Party.

With regard to those survivors, there is an interesting fact to be borne in mind, which is, indeed, an illustration of the credit to be given to many historical traditions. The proper Tea Party—that is to say, the body of men who combined and went together to Griffin's Wharf to throw the tea into the sea—organized itself in a Masonic lodge, or in Masonic lodges, and the members took an oath that they would never reveal the events of that night. To this oath they all held themselves bound till the last one of them died. The enterprise required that the North End section should pass the Old South Meeting-House, where a meeting was going forward, adjourned from Faneuil Hall, to consider the whole business of the tea. This meeting was not strictly a Boston town meeting, although the Boston town meeting was merged in it; but there were citizens from all the neighboring towns present. At the moment when the disguised Mohawks came to the meeting-house, Sam Adams, who was presiding, said, "This meeting can do



The Frog Pond, Boston Common.

nothing more to save the country," and adjourned it. All the three or four thousand people who were present then followed "the Mohawks" to the wharf. By this time, undoubtedly, all Boston knew what was going on, and as the sun went down and as the moon came out on the scene, it may be fairly guessed that nineteen twentieths of the adult male population of Boston was on the slope of Fort Hill or on the shore, rendering such assistance as they could in the enterprise in hand. But one tradition and another tell how, when new men attempted to board the ships, they were prevented by sentries established by the original conspirators. These conspirators were men who understood all about unloading ships; it was the business of many of them in daily life; and the cargoes were withdrawn with haste and the three hundred and seventy-three chests of tea were emptied into the sea. Then everybody went home. The tea, in enormous masses, drifted up and down the harbor on the surface of the water for days; a good deal of it

was left on South Boston Point. From these sources and from the boots of the men who were at work, come the specimens of the tea which are shown in almost all the museums of New England to this day.

It will be observed, then, that almost every adult citizen of Boston was engaged, more or less directly, in throwing the tea overboard. A small number of these persons, perhaps a hundred more or less, had sworn never to mention that fact. So far as anybody knows, they never did mention it. Of which this curious consequence has come into history, that if, within the last seventy-five years, any old gentleman has said that he was of the Boston Tea-Party, it is perfectly sure that he was *not* one of the party of men who really did throw the tea into the harbor. If, on the other hand, any nice old gentleman, asked by his grandchildren if he were of the Tea Party, smiled and put off the subject and began talking about General Washington or General Gage, it is well-nigh certain that he was one of that confederation.

In other words, the men who said they threw the tea overboard did not, and the men who did not say they did, were the parties most engaged.

As for personal intimacy with the people who fought in the war, I can say but little. A little boy of five did not dare run up to Major Melvill and ask him to tell stories of the Revolution. I have, however, with these eyes, seen the banners which Stark sent down from Bennington, as his tribute of gratitude to the Massachusetts militia. Alas for the sentiment of such things! Mr. Kuhn, then the messenger, as he was called, of the Legislature—holding the same duties as those now discharged by the sergeant-at-arms—found that the banners were dirty and moth-eaten, and put them into the dust-barrel one fine day; so that they have ceased to exist for mortal eyes for the last sixty years. People of the same make-up wanted last year to do the same thing with the State House itself, but have fortunately been foiled.

The excellent story of the Boston school-

boys who waited upon the English general is well known to most children in the Northern States. I had that story told me by one of the survivors of the committee appointed by the Boston Latin School to attend to this affair. His name was Jonathan Darby Robins, and in the year 1846 he was still living, with a perfectly fresh memory of this transaction, which had taken place not long before the battle of Lexington. The Latin School then stood where Parker's hotel is now, on the south side of that School Street to which the school gave its name. The spot is directly opposite where Franklin's statue now stands. This is just where it should be, for Franklin was a schoolboy in the same school, when the schoolhouse occupied its present site where the statue now is. The boys, before and after school, were in the habit of coasting from the hill, then higher than it is now, which rises above the Congregational House, behind the great pile of the new Tremont Buildings. They coasted down what we call Beacon Street across Tremont Street, and

kept on down School Street to Washington Street. General Haldimand, a brigadier in the English army, occupied the house which stood on School Street, next below where the Parker House now is. Haldimand's servant did not like this coasting business, and he scattered ashes on the coast so as to make it easier for his master and the officers to come in and out at the Beacon Street door. Finding that their remonstrances failed, the Latin School boys appointed a committee of their first class to wait upon Haldimand. Haldimand received them courteously, and the boys told him that coasting was one of their inalienable rights. Haldimand did not wish to make more trouble in a town which was as ripe for rebellion as Boston, so he sent for the servant and gave him a good scolding, and bade him take care, every cold night, to repair the coast by pouring water upon it, which should freeze so that it should be kept in good condition for the boys.

With the vagueness of another generation, the scene of this exploit has been trans-

ferred to Boston Common. No Boston boy then thought any more of going out to coast on the Common than he would now think of going down to coast on Deer Island. The painters have represented the visit also as made at the Province House ; but in point of fact the visit, as Mr. Robins told me himself, was made on Haldimand at his own quarters.

BOSTON.

The rocky nook with hilltops three
Looked eastward from the farms,
And twice each day the flowing sea
Took Boston in its arms ;
The men of yore were stout and poor,
And sailed for bread to every shore.

And where they went on trade intent
They did what freemen can,
Their dauntless ways did all men praise,
The merchant was a man.
The world was made for honest trade,
To plant and eat be none afraid.

.

The wild rose and the barberry thorn
Hung out their summer pride,
Where now on heated pavements worn
The feet of millions stride.

Fair rose the planted hills behind
The good town on the bay,
And where the western hills declined
The prairie stretched away.

What care though rival cities soar
Along the stormy coast,
Penn's town, New York, and Baltimore,
If Boston knew the most !

They laughed to know the world so wide ;
The mountains said " Good-day !
We greet you well, you Saxon men,
Up with your towns, and stay !"
The world was made for honest trade,
To plant and eat be none afraid.

" For you," they said, " no barriers be,
For you no sluggard rest ;
Each street leads downward to the sea,
Or landward to the west."

O happy town beside the sea,
Whose roads lead everywhere to all ;
Than thine no deeper moat can be,
No stouter fence, no steeper wall !

.

The sea, returning day by day,
Restores the world-wide mart ;
So let each dweller on the bay
Fold Boston in his heart,
Till these echoes be choked with snows,
Or over the town blue ocean flows.

Let the blood of her hundred thousands
Throb in each manly vein ;
And the wits of all her wisest
Make sunshine in her brain.
For you can teach the lightning speech,
And round the globe your voices reach.

And each shall care for other,
And each to each shall bend,
To the poor a noble brother,
To the good an equal friend.

A blessing through the ages thus
Shield all thy roofs and towers !
GOD WITH THE FATHERS, SO WITH US,
Thou darling town of ours !

V.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

YES, my dear young ladies, I understand all you say. There will not be time, perhaps, for you to go to see Emerson's home, and Dr. Channing's house, and Mr. Prescott's, which is torn down, and Mr. Bancroft's, which is burned down. But why not go to the college itself, where they were matured, and "dilate with the right emotions" there? "Might not one see, indeed, at the same time, Mr. Fiske's home, and Mr. Eliot's, and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer's, and Dr. Peabody's, and Mr. Shaler's, if only from the outside?"

Certainly; yes, dear girls, all things are possible to the brave and to the elect. And all these shall you see in one excursion.

Two years ago I had been lecturing on The Human Washington, in Philadelphia,

and as I returned to my home there, one of my audience joined me in the car to ask me if I was personally acquainted with President Washington. As this remark showed me that she thought me at least one hundred and fifteen years old, I was well pleased that, as we Yankees have it, she thought I "bore my years so well." Mr. James T. Fields had a better story than mine. He had been reading at Cambridge his charming lecture on John Dryden, and a law student, who had been specially interested, asked him if he knew Dryden personally. This implied that Mr. Fields's flowing, black hair had stood well the winters of nearly two centuries. These anecdotes I mention because we are now going to Cambridge, where we oldsters speak always as if we had, with these very hands and heads of ours, done the whole thing, or with these very eyes seen it done. Thus, "*we* printed Eliot's Bible here," means that Harvard College did it, and so we did it ourselves. She is our Alma Mater, and when we were in the loins of our ancestors Har-

vard College did this thing of which we speak.

Yes, my dear Mrs. Ingham, an open street car it shall be. I am not sure that they ride in them in Paradise; but a charming Boston day, wind from the bay, thermometer at 68° rising, you and I will find it hard to take a more agreeable vehicle. "Please stop at Wadsworth." To you aside, dear Polly, now the man has gone forward, I will whisper that this is an old conductor. He is the very man who "took a day off" because there was a new volume of Browning which he wanted to read. All the drivers and all the other conductors heard of this, and so they all took a day or two off to read Browning, and this was the way that the great strike of ten years ago began. So at least they tell that story on us in Chicago.

But before we come to Harvard Square, where "Wadsworth" is, observe that we rise and fall a little. We ascend and descend the side of Dana Hill. On our left here used to be some redoubts thrown up to keep the

English from invading Cambridge by way of Charles River.

As late as the end of the last century—say in 1790, or thereabouts—this very Dana Hill was offered to the college, it is said, for only five thousand dollars. Alas and alas—there were no five thousand dollars! President Eliot would find it easier to-day to collect five million dollars for the college than it would have been then to collect five thousand. If, by good fortune, some angel in heaven had dropped a gold nugget worth five thousand dollars—say a hundred and fifty ounces of gold (less than ten pounds)—and if the president had picked it up, and had bought Dana Farm—why, the college to-day would have a home as large as any of her Western sisters.

But this was not to be. So you see “the yard,” as we call it—never “the campus”—is not so big as it would be in Nebraska.

Here is Wadsworth, and here the Brown-ing-loving conductor drops us. The dear old house is nearly two centuries old; and you



Wadsworth House, Cambridge.

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and I, Mrs. Ingham, may be glad if we ever live in a better. The government of the college, which was then really the State government, wanted the minister of the First Church in Boston for president of the college. But he would not go to Cambridge unless they would build him a fit home. So they built this home for him. It is a good type of the architecture of 1700. You see it has the comfortable and convenient gambrel roof of that time.

I met a lady yesterday who told me she had read with interest of the life and work of Monsieur Mansard, the French architect, and she asked where she should find the life of Monsieur Gambrel. For our purposes his is a better roof, not to say more picturesque, than the French Mansard. See this fine old balustrade to the stairways. And what paneling they had! This handsome parlor on the left is the "ministers' room." Here, every day, in term time, from nine to twelve, the minister "in residence" sits—writes to his wife, perhaps, in far Duluth, or wherever you please,

unless one of his undergraduate boys comes in on a visit of courtesy, of loneliness, or of inquiry: Trust me, who know, there are no three hours in that minister's life more interesting than those he thus spends here, with the frank sympathy of intercourse with these fine young fellows. "Dr. Primrose, we are going to wear hunting shirts in the procession. We fellows did not know whether the fringes should be yellow or purple. What do you think?" Or, perhaps, more seriously, "Dr. Primrose, you said in chapel that thus and thus. . . ." "Do you think the Saviour meant . . . ?" and so on, in the gravest and dearest intimacies of life. Or, "Dr. Primrose, please read this letter. Do you think I ought to . . . ?" and so on in a young man's frank confidence.

Here are some autographs you will like to see in the memorandum book of the preachers. There is Dr. Vincent's; here is Phillips Brooks's. This is the picture of old Wadsworth. Yes, Longfellow's great grandfather, or some sort of a cousin. But one

must not stay here. Indeed, I could not, of course, have brought you in were we not in vacation. Perhaps I should have explained that at Harvard there are six chaplains representing different religious communions. For three weeks at a time one of these gentlemen is "in residence" here to serve the students in any way he can.

Come out of this side door. When this was the president's house, in Kirkland's day, this office was built for him. You never heard of Kirkland, Polly, but you have heard of his "freshman," the boy who ran his errands for him. His name it was Ralph Waldo Emerson, and his room was over the office, up there. One of these days, "when we get round to it," we are going to put a bronze plate here to say so.

Things were not so grand in those days in the young fellows' rooms as you will see them to-day, Miss Polly.

It is rather less than a century since the little school of the fathers began to take on the style of a college. The era of the deter-

mination that it should be elevated from the somewhat wooden arrangements of a poor school into an institution where young men could really be trained for the duties of men may be roughly marked by the inauguration of John Thornton Kirkland as president of the college. Kirkland was an accomplished scholar. He had the advantages of life in the excellent social circles of the Boston of his time. The appointment of Dr. Kirkland marked a determination that the college should lead in the higher education of America.

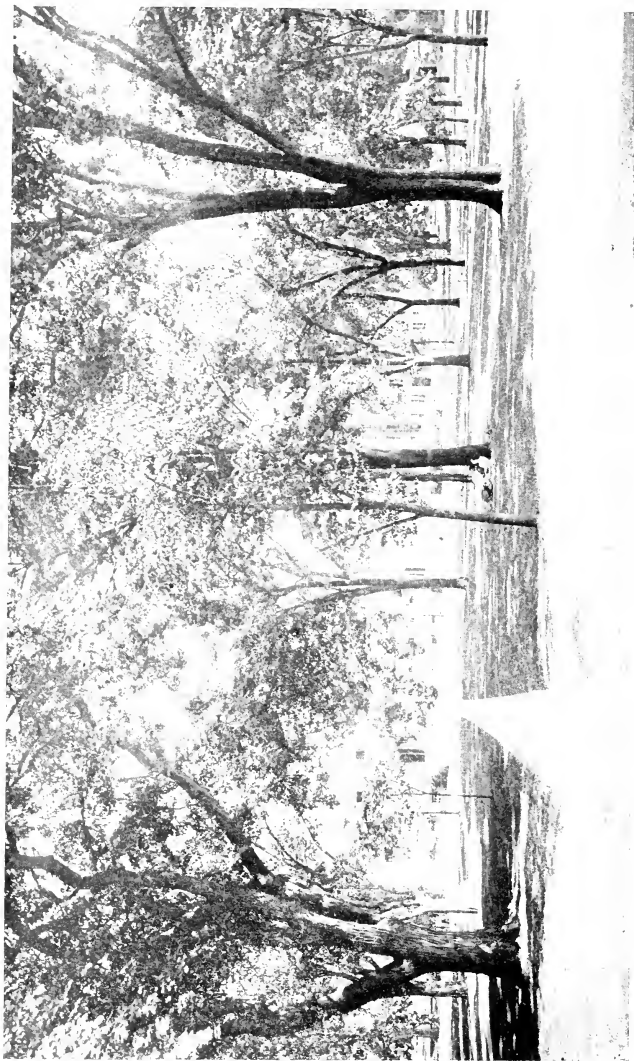
That is to say, the rich men of Boston determined to have a place worthy of the new nation where their sons could be educated. Enough of these gentlemen knew what such an education was, and they were willing to give the money which should elevate this school to a higher plane. With the enlargement of its resources, and with the character of the men who were teachers, everything changed. Little details as to the manner of life changed also, and gradually, between the year 1800 and our year 1898, the whole ex-

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The College Yard.

ternal method of life has changed at Cambridge. I was in college between the years 1835 and 1839, when this change was already in progress, but before the college had attained the conditions of to-day. For a little instance, which is a convenient one, I remember that most of my older friends were surprised when they were told that I was to have a carpet in my room. To the minds of people who had not known what college life was within the ten years before, a carpet was entirely out of place in a college room. I am quite sure that there was not a pianoforte in any undergraduate's room. And a curious illustration of life elsewhere appeared one day when Mr. Lovering in lecturing spoke of billiard balls and their movement on the table. More than half of the members of my class had never seen a billiard ball. Dr. Peabody has given some details of the last experiences of the "Buttery." This was the place to which students went for a mug of milk, some rolls of bread, and a piece of butter, from which the breakfast and the supper

of the undergraduate was made, in his own room. The Buttery was a shed at the east end of Harvard Hall. Till lately some trace of its roof could be seen on the eastern wall of that building. But now they are covered by Ampelopsis. At commons, that is, in Dr. Peabody's day, and in the days of the older graduates whom I knew best, no meal was served excepting dinner. A like simplicity prevailed in many other matters, the forms of which in some cases were borrowed from the methods of the English colleges and in some from those of a log-cabin.

On the other hand, there were some traditions of academic life which would be considered now formal or quaint. No person could appear in a recitation room or at chapel who was not dressed in black, or in what was called "black mixed" in the regulations. This rule was quite strictly enforced in the earlier part of my college life, but we emerged from it so far that in 1838 and 1839 there came in a fashion in summer of wearing hunting shirts of every conceivable color; and

these were permitted by what we called the parietal board, the board which managed such details.

The visitor will do almost as well on foot for the Cambridge excursions which are to be described as on wheels. But, of course, an open carriage with an intelligent "driver" is a convenience. First, the library—Gore Hall. The original building is a reduced copy in granite of one of the chapels in the English Cambridge. Perhaps, one day, when we have built a larger library, we may use this as a chapel. But we enter on one side of this; this library is open, thank Heaven! every day in the year. Attentive and trained assistants will do the honors, and you may spend days here happily. Be sure to see the mask of Cromwell's face, the original MS. of Longfellow's *Excelsior*, and ask for any American map, or indeed for anything else in history which interests you, and you will be apt to see it. For this century they have the original of the prize papers of every man

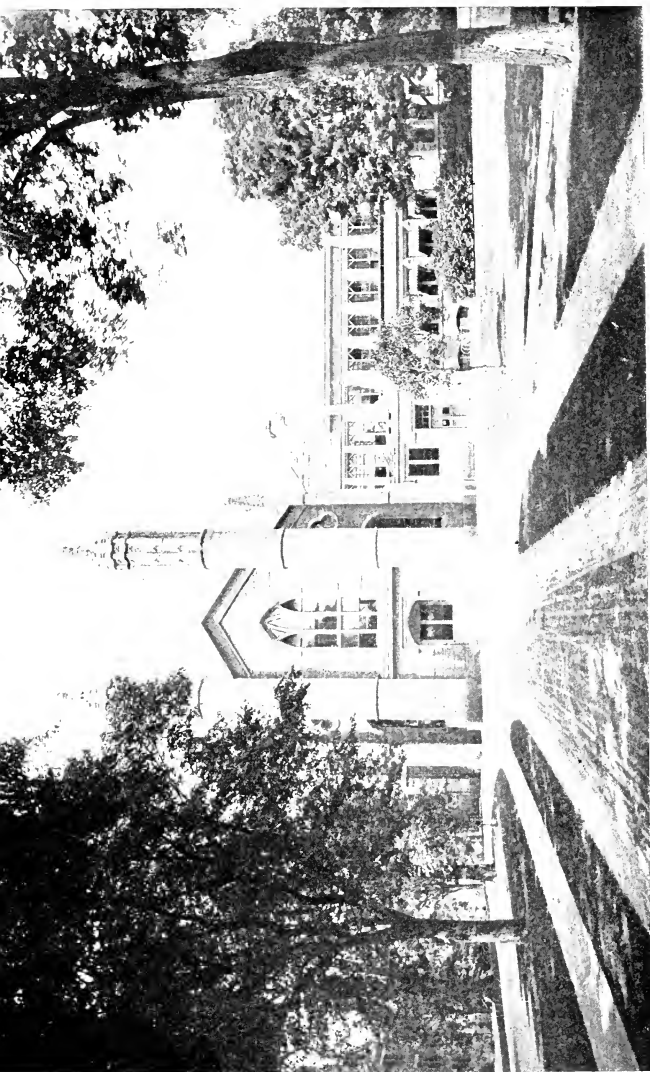
who ever graduated here—say, Emerson's, Sumner's, Phillips's, Parkman's, and so on.

But if you only have one hour we must go on. “Mr. Kiernan, this lady would like to see the Logia which they dug up in Egypt. Will it trouble you to show it to her?”

“Certainly not. Here is the facsimile. Or would you like to see the Sinaitic MS. in facsimile?”

“No; we must not wait. Thank you, Mr. Kiernan, we must go on.”

These people whom you see in summer in the great reading room in Gore Hall, and these who walk about in the yard as if they were visitors—as we are—asking which was Henry Knox's room, and where Chickatawbut lived, these are not Harvard students proper, nor “annex” or Radcliffe girls. These are in the “summer schools,” and to most of them the college yard at Harvard is as new as it is to you. Why, yes! Surely this is Hollis Holworthy! My dear fellow, how are you? I have not seen you since you re-



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ceived your diploma, *magna cum laude*! Twenty-five years ago! Is it possible? and this fine fellow? Really? Seventeen years old, is he? And you are looking at carpets for his room in the fall? Now you ladies are safe. Mr. Holworthy shall take Miss Ingham to see the Vas-Sol* and the statue of Day, the printer, while I and Mrs. Ingham——”

“No? Then we will all keep together, only we have but three hours left, and I shall hurry you everywhere. Miss Ingham, this is Mr. Holden Holworthy. He is an undergraduate here, and will explain everything to you. Yes, you will, Holden; a fellow who has only just passed his examinations knows more than anybody else in the world.”

So we cross to the old building with the cupola and the bell. Yonder, up four stories, is the narrow gulf which Tutor McKean jumped over in his undergraduate days. He had been melting pewter into the college

* The Vas-Sol tombstone is in the burying ground opposite the college yard. It is the same stone which Mr. Lowell and Dr. Holmes refer to. Vas-Sol—a vase, and the sun—represent the Vassal family.

bell, heard steps below, walked down the roof and sprang across the little gap to the roof of Hollis, so as to secure his retreat. A little triangle on the end wall, if you could see it, would show where the Buttery was when fellows breakfasted and supped in their rooms. They came here for milk and bread. At the head of these stone steps there used to be a sundial a hundred years ago. We have the dial now, rescued from an old junk shop, and when "we get round to it" we shall mount it here again. They need another sundial on the gable of Massachusetts yonder. At the pump yonder, Holden, your grandfather filled his pail once a day or more often, and then he lugged it up into the fourth story of Hollis. Yes, there is the old elm which we used to dance around on class day. Holden, that little brick chapel is named for the ladies whose honored name you bear. They were rich Nonconformists of England, who sent word that they should like to build a chapel for the college. The corporation was frugal—as it is now—

counted its little handful of students, I suppose, and allowed for a possible increase of fifty per cent, and built this dear little sanctuary. When the ladies Holden got the bills, they were sadly disappointed because it was so small. They had imagined something like the magnificent chapels of Oxford or Cambridge. Such, at least, is the tradition. That was my room, for two years, up one flight, rear of Stoughton. Yes, named after the old governor. But this is not the old Stoughton. That was burned down in the siege of Boston. Here is Holworthy—named for your kinsman, Hollis; and now I am going to hurry you out from the “yard” proper by the new gate because I want you to have half an hour at Memorial Hall, half an hour at each of the museums, and Holden there will want to take us all into the gymnasium, and you must at least see the observatory and the Botanic Garden.

As we come out, dear Mrs. Ingham, pray notice how characteristic and venerable this fine gateway is. Really it is not ten years

old, but it looks a good two centuries already. No, Polly, dear, you can not go into the Fogg Museum to-day. There are pictures and prints and other fine art, but Mr. Holworthy must bring you for a whole afternoon there. Now we must cross the street to what people used to call the Delta, and here is the Memorial Hall.

Yes, Miss Polly, "Delta," as the triangular island at the mouth of the Nile is a delta. This roadway which we have crossed was once the Concord turnpike, and when they made it, it cut off this corner, and then the corner had the classical name given to it. When the gymnastic fad came in, say in the year 1827, under Lieber and Follen and Beck—German exiles of the days of the Holy Alliance—parallel bars and horses of wood for leaping, and great gallows trees for ladders and swings and climbing were placed here. Here is the place of which Freeman Clarke tells such awful stories of his climbing. All this apparatus went to its own place under the destructive influences of

those prehistoric times, and the Delta became the ballground for prehistoric football and baseball.

After the war, however, when we determined to build the Memorial Hall, Mr. Eliot arranged for the great Jarvis playground, and all the games went there so that this hall might be built on the Delta ; and here is Mr. French's fine statue of John Harvard. See, Miss Ingham, how wistfully he looks into the west. It was "the western mystery" which they all hoped to solve. And he, instead of solving it, must die ! And he knows he must die ! So he leaves the college to work out the mystery for him. Hardly thirty years old !

Come into the hall. Here is the real memorial hall, between the dining room and the theater. Mr. Hollis, will you show the ladies the inscriptions ? You do not remember the men. I had rather not talk here.

And from this monumental transept there opens the great hall of the college, pic-

ture gallery, and dining room, and on the right, opposite to it, the Sanders Theater. Yes, Mrs. Ingham, we can go into the dining hall. If it was term time they would be setting the tables. These marble busts are of the presidents of the college for this century ; and the three Presidents we have given the nation are here. Old John Adams there is by Copley ; his son is there, the head, I think, is by Stuart ; and Hayes, in the middle there, is by Chase. The windows have been given as memorials by separate classes as they graduated. This is John Lovell, who caned John Hancock when he did not know his Latin grammar. Hancock himself is somewhere yonder, I believe. Stay as long as you like ; only there is so little time. We will cross over to the theater.

Sanders Theater this is, named from the Sanders whose money built it. It is well-nigh perfect for its purpose ; and all the high functions are held here. On the Commencement day when the fine statue of President Josiah Quincy, by Story, was first displayed

here, his great grandson, the present Mayor of Boston, Josiah Quincy, was graduated. He had one of the leading parts, *magna cum laude*; and on the platform were seated two more Josiahs, his grandfather, who had been mayor as his father had been, and Mr. Josiah P. Quincy, every way worthy of his place in the line. The father of the President was the Josiah Quincy of the days before the Revolution.

But the Sanders half hour is up. Just come round to the western corridor and see the statues. Now we must cross to the Agassiz Museum. It is only a few steps; we may as well walk. We are in "Professors' Row," as old-fashioned people used to call it. Farther on it is the "Milk row" by which Percy and the rest fled to Charlestown on the night of the New England Chevy Chase.

We shall come in at the west door of the museum, because, if you ladies see nothing else, you must see the glass flowers. I will give you half an hour where you might spend

half a day. You can not see anything like this collection anywhere else in the world. The ladies of Professor Ware's family enabled the college to retain the services of the maker of these glass flowers, and the experts of his family, all of them in Europe, to make this wonderful permanent exhibit of the American flora. The colors will not fade, as they do when flowers are pressed, and with scientific precision every detail of each plant is presented for study and for you and me to see how beautiful the world is.

And have you seen the meteorites, Holworthy? These have been placed here since your time.

Botanists and other flower lovers will be apt to linger, passing from case to case, till it is time to close the hall; but if people are resolute and can tear themselves away, they may pass to the zoölogical sections, and just take in an idea of the wonderful resources which they offer to students. Louis Agassiz is the founder of the museum. His son Alexander has given to it its place and dignity in



The Johnston Gate, Harvard College.

the great collections of the world. The arrangement seems well-nigh perfect for students or for sightseers. For in this central room where we now are, are what I may call types or specimens of all the "kingdoms," as we used to say, of animal life. This room alone would be an admirable museum for any college. Beasts, birds, fishes, insects, everything which has animal life, all are represented here. And all the large halls which radiate from this hall are given to the subdivisions which are here indexed, if I may say so. Thus, here is a lion, and in the room for beasts of the cat tribe, if that is now their name, we shall find another lion; and yet again, in the hall for African beasts we shall find another lion. But, for an all-round view, we who are not specialists may well begin with the index room here. Indeed, indeed, we shall want more than a half hour.

Divide your time as you please, unknown friend whom I have been advising. I have

been leading you as I should like to be led. In that avenue on which the museum opens you will like to look in on Divinity Hall, and on the charming library and curious museum adjoining it. Whatever else you leave out, you must go into the separate Museum of American Archæology, fortunate if you find Professor Putnam there, and if he can give you even a few minutes ; and remember that we have left one museum unexplored in the college yard.

You have also left, unseen as yet, what is left of the Sanders playground and the soldiers' field ; and there is Longfellow's house, and Lowell's, where is to be Elmwood Park ; and Mount Auburn ; and, as I said, the observatory ; and, best of all, perhaps, the botanical garden.

Then you would like to see the Riverside printing house, and the old intrenchments in the Hovey gardens, and everything else in Cambridge ; but I am afraid that all this means that you must buy one of the nice Cambridge guides at the admirable bookshops,

or wait, perhaps, till Mrs. Ingham and Miss Ingham and I meet there again.

So we will turn around and be thankful that there is so much for another visit. But no, dear Pauline, you shall not be disappointed. We will take our car higher up on Garden Street, and here is the statue of the first New England printer; and here is what papa promised you—the old elm beneath which Washington's commission was read, and where he took command of the army.

And to-night you shall sing every line of "Father 'n' I went down to Camp." Here was the camp. Some of the soldiers were in old Massachusetts, which we saw just now. As you ride in, Mr. Holworthy ought to be able to show some of the earthworks. And here is the dear old song which you shall sing to-night to the tune of Yankee Doodle. It was written by Edward Bangs :

Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.

And there we see a thousand men
As rich as Squire David ;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be savéd.

The 'lasses they eat every day
Would keep a house a winter ;
They have so much that, I'll be bound,
They eat it when they're a mind to.

And there we see a swamping gun,
Large as a log of maple,
Upon a deuced little cart,
A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

I went as nigh to one myself
As 'Siah's underpinning ;
And father went as nigh agin,
I thought the deuce was in him.

Cousin Simon grew so bold
I thought he would have cock'd it ;
It scar'd me so, I shrink'd it off
And hung by father's pocket.

And Captain Davis had a gun,
He kind of clapt his hand on't,
And stuck a crooked stabbing iron
Upon the little end on't.

And there I see a pumpkin-shell
As big as mother's bason ;
And every time they touched it off
They scampered like the nation.

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knock'd upon't with little clubs
And call'd the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington
Upon a slapping stallion,
A-giving orders to his men—
I guess there was a million.

And then the feathers on his hat,
They looked so tarnal fina,
I wanted pockily to get
To give to my Jemima.

And there they'd fife away like fun,
And play on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbons red as blood
All wound about their middles.

The troopers, too, would gallop up,
And fire right in our faces ;
It scar'd me almost half to death
To see them run such races.

Old Uncle Sam come there to change
Some pancakes and some onions
For 'lasses-cake, to carry home
To give his wife and young ones.

But I can't tell you half I see,
They kept up such a smother;
So I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

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VI.

THE STATE HOUSE.

From Miss Polly Ingham to Dr. Hale.

DEAR DR. HALE: Please remember that Mamma is occupied some days with her lunch parties and committee meetings and things, so that perhaps she can not go with us young people at all. Can you not give us a list of little sights that we could go to separately without dragging poor mamma out with us? Always truly yours, POLLY INGHAM.
[Little Polly.]

MY DEAR POLLY: You are very practical and wise, as I observe you always are. This list shall be of visits near at hand, which you can make with your sisters or your brother, or Miss Lovechild, without any chaperon.

Recollect what I told you about the street cars. I told you then how the first thing Dr. Stanley did was to go to the cupola of the State House. And the last thing he did was to go there again and review all he had learned.

I advise you to go to the State House first. If you hit the right day they will let you go up to the cupola. If there is any difficulty you can ask for the sergeant-at-arms, who is very nice and pleasant, and say that you have come all the way from New Padua and perhaps you can never come again. I think he will let you go up.

But I do not think you will have to ask for him. And for young people like you, who have climbed the monument yonder, and are one day going to the top of the cathedral at Milan, this is no hardship.

At the top—well, you can see “as far as the eye will reach!” That is true in most places, but here it means—oh! more than fifty miles in many directions. Take this panorama, with what you have seen from

Bunker Hill, and you have a very good idea of the “lay of the land” and the water.

Seaward you see what is called Massachusetts Bay in your geographies. In the first generation they gave the name of Massachusetts Bay to the head of the bay, which lies right before you—what we now call Boston Harbor.

And we distinguish between the outer harbor and the inner harbor. Governor Winthrop called this inner harbor, which is close to you, The Loch, but no one has called it so since, except me. But it is, as you see, *land-locked*. Deer Island—there where you see the great buildings—and Long Island—there where you see a lighthouse—separate it from the outer harbor. Yonder, far away, is the white outer lighthouse, and beyond that Massachusetts Bay—as we have the phrase to-day—and the ocean.

Unfold that nice map, and fix it right by Paul’s compass, and you can find Charlestown, and Cambridge, and Brighton, and Brookline, and Dorchester, and the towns beyond. If

you want to remember the order of the names, Polly, recollect that Boston, where you are, begins with B. Then go west, and there is Brighton. Go south, and you come to Brookline and Dorchester, in alphabetical order observe. Go north and east, and you come to Cambridge, Charlestown, and Chelsea, still in alphabetical order. All of these, except Cambridge, Chelsea, and Brookline, are under the same government as Boston. Cambridge and Chelsea are separate cities, each with its own charter, mayor, and councils. Brookline has what we call a town government.

Perhaps you will spend all the afternoon here. But if it is foggy there is quite enough to occupy you in the other parts of the State House. The attendants there are all courteous, and they will show you what you ask for. Be sure you see the new Representatives' Chamber, and, in the older part, the old Senate Chamber and the new Senate Chamber, and the Governor's Room.

Ask for the Library and the Archive

Chamber. As soon as they see that you are intelligent girls and know what you want, they will be very glad to answer any of your questions. Try to think, before you go, what you want to ask—perhaps about your great-grandfather's service when he was in the privateer Yankee Lass, or ask them to show you General Gates's letter in which he announces Burgoyne's surrender. Or they will show you some of Franklin's autographs when he was our commissioner in London.

I remember tracing along from page to page, on the great books in which the original letters are preserved, the petition of a nice person, evidently a prudent housekeeper, that she might have back again the overcoat which her husband wore on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill. Poor soul, she seemed never to have seen her husband again, and she had never seen his overcoat; and she had a feeling that the General Court ought to send the overcoat back to her. But the matter fades out of history, and I am afraid she never saw it, and never received the money that it cost.

Here is a vote of the 15th of June, two days before the battle, foreshadowing the seizure of Dorchester Heights, which was carried out so well the next spring by Washington and Ward and Thomas. Why the English commanders did not take possession of an eminence so absolutely necessary, if their navy was to remain in the harbor, nobody knows. They had a very large army in Boston; this army was very badly cooped up there, and Dorchester Heights would have been an admirable camp for the whole summer and autumn. But, for some reason, they neglected to seize it, and left it for Washington to take in March, when the building of the works there was the signal for General William Howe's retirement from Boston:

“Whereas it appears of importance to the Safety of this Colony that possession of the Hill called Bunker's Hill in Charlestown be securely kept and defended and also Some one Hill or Hills on Dorchester Neck be likewise Secured, therefore Resolved unanimously that it be recommended to the Council of

War, that the above mentioned Bunker Hill be maintained by sufficient force being posted there, and as the particular Situation of Dorchester Neck is unknown to this Committee, they advise that the Council of War take and pursue such steps respecting the same as to them shall appear to be for the Security of this Colony.”

Here is the draft of an early circular letter to the different colonies :

“On the same day the town of Charlestown consisting of near five hundred houses and other buildings was by those bloody incendiaries set on fire and consumed to ashes, we cannot however but assure you, gentlemen that notwithstanding our present distressed situation, we feel a peculiar satisfaction in finding our patriotic brethren of the city and county of Albany so cordially interesting themselves in our particular welfare and so kindly offering us their assistance as well as manifesting their zeal for the rights and liberties of America in general. It is our ardent desire to cultivate harmony and friendship

with all our neighboring brethren and we hope you will not fail to continue your favors and we assure you that we shall always take pleasure in conveying to you any intelligence that shall afford satisfaction. As to the benevolent donations you mention which are collected for our distressed brethren, as the transporting the article you make mention of is almost impossible, think it had better be exchanged for cash or some necessary specie which may be more easily transported. We are sorry to hear there is any prospects of an attack upon Tyconderoga, &c., but we trust those important fortresses are sufficiently garrisoned and doubt not but our brave countrymen stationed there will be able to repulse any force which can be sent against them from Canada. Finally, brethren we ardently pray that the Great Supreme being who Governs all things may so Direct all our military operations that they may Speedily Issue in the full Restoration and Peaceable Possession of the Natural and Constitutional Rights and Liberties of every American."

54.
set by them done (this their condition considered) might
be as firme as any patent; and in some respects more sure.
The forme was as followeth.

In y^e name of god Amen. We whose names are underwritten
the loyall subiects of our dread soueraigne Lord King James
by y^e graces of god, of great Britaine, France, & Ireland king,
defendor of y^e faith, &c

Haueing undertaken, for y^e glorie of god, and aduancement
of y^e Christian^{faith} and honour of our king & countrey, a voyage to
plant y^e firstst colonie in y^e Northward parts of Virginia. Doo
by these presents solemnly & mutually in y^e presence of god, and
one of another; Covenante, & combine our selues together into a
civill body politick; for ~~our~~ better ordering, & preservation & sur-
therance of y^e ends aforesaid; and by vertue hereof to enacte,
constitute, and frame such just & equal lawes, ordinances,
Acts, constitutions, & offices, from time to time, as shall be thought
most meeke & convenient for y^e generall good of y^e colonie: unto
which we promise all due submission and obedience In witness
whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names at Cap-
Codd y^e 11. of November, in y^e year of y^e raigne of our soueraigne
Lord king James of England, France, & Ireland y^e eighteenth
and of Scotland y^e fifth fourth. An: Dom. 1620.]

After this they chose, or rather confirmed m^r John carver (a man
godly & well approved amongst them) their gouernour for that
year. And after they had provided a place for their goods, or
comons store, (which were long in unlading for want of boats,
toulness of y^e winter weather, and sicknes of diuers) and logow
some small collages for their habitation; as time would admyt
they met and consulted of lawes, & ordors. both for their
civill, & military gouernment, as y^e necessitie of their condi-
tion did require, Still adding therunto as vrgent occasion
in severall times, and ^{as} cases did require.

In these hard & difficult beginings they found some discontents
& murmurings ^{arise} amongst some, and mutinous speeches & carriages
in other; but they were soone quelled, & ouercome, by y^e wis-
dom, patience, and just & equal carrage of things, by y^e gov^r.
and better part wth clauie faithfully together in y^e maind.
But that which was most sad, & lamentable, was, that in 2.
or 3 moneths time halfe of their company dyed, especially
in Jan. & february, being y^e worst of winter, and wanting
houses & other comforts; being ynforced with y^e scurvie &

The Compact in the Mayflower.

A page from the Bradford Manuscript.

Stop, as you go down, in the Secretary of State's office and ask if you may see the charters. They will show you the first charter which Winthrop brought over, and the province charter which was granted by William III. Perhaps you can see the original Bradford manuscript, which we have just now recovered from London. It is the history of the first settlement of Plymouth, as dear old William Bradford—your ancestor, Polly, on your mother's side, through the Woodbridge line:—dear old William Bradford, I say, wrote it out in Plymouth or Duxbury.

All depends on weather. Very likely you will have spent all the afternoon in the State House. If so, we will put off the other home walks to another day.

When, in 1746, the immense armada of D'Anville crossed the water to destroy Boston, Governor Shirley and the Boston people were taken wholly by surprise. A little fisherman ran in of a sudden to say that

he had seen such a squadron as he never saw before. Well he might, for it was, I think, the largest fleet which ever sailed from Europe to America up to this day. What is interesting now is that, of the preparations for war for the next six weeks, you will read nothing in the Boston newspapers of that day, excepting the pathetic words which say that the train bands of the province followed to the grave the body of the young and beautiful wife of Governor Shirley.

How happened it that the train bands of the province were there? Why, it was because Shirley had ordered them to Boston to meet the French, and they were encamped on Boston Common—the largest body of troops who were ever on Boston Common at one time.

For the rest, no newspaper mentions the blocking up of the harbor, no newspaper mentions the arrival of these train bands. You would not know that for those weeks Boston was in terror. But if you have time

to ask for the Council Records of 1746, you will find here the whole story.

When the people of Boston were engaged, a few years ago, in preserving the Old South Meeting House as a memorial of this crisis, I sent to Mr. Henry W. Longfellow the account given of it by Thomas Prince, the minister of the Old South. Mr. Longfellow was delighted with Prince's account of the Fast Day for which Shirley issued his proclamation on the occasion, and wrote for the Old South Association his Ballad of the French Fleet, which in my judgment is the best of his ballads. And this Polly may read aloud to her mother this evening :

A BALLAD OF THE FRENCH FLEET.

October, 1746.

MR. THOMAS PRINCE, *loquitur*.

A fleet with flags arrayed
Sailed from the port of Brest,
And the Admiral's ship displayed
The signal : " Steer southwest."
For this Admiral d'Anville
Had sworn by cross and crown
To ravage with fire and steel
Our helpless Boston Town.

There were rumors in the street,
In the houses there was fear
Of the coming of the fleet,
And the danger hovering near.
And while from mouth to mouth
Spread the tidings of dismay,
I stood in the Old South,
Saying humbly, "Let us pray.

"O Lord ! we would not advise ;
But if, in thy providence,
A tempest should arise
To drive the French fleet hence,
And scatter it far and wide,
Or sink it in the sea,
We should be satisfied,
And thine the glory be."

This was the prayer I made,
For my soul was all on flame ;
And even as I prayed
The answering tempest came.
It came with a mighty power,
Shaking the windows and walls,
And tolling the bell in the tower
As it tolls at funerals.

The lightning suddenly
Unsheathed its flaming sword,
And I cried, "Stand still and see
The salvation of the Lord !"
The heavens were black with cloud,
The sea was white with hail,
And ever more fierce and loud
Blew the October gale.

The fleet it overtook,
And the broad sails in the van
Like the tents of Cushan shook,
Or the curtains of Midian.
Down on the reeling decks
Crashed the o'erwhelming seas ;
Ah, never were there wrecks
So pitiful as these !

Like a potter's vessel broke
The great ships of the line ;
They were carried away as a smoke,
Or sank like lead in the brine.
O Lord ! before thy path
They vanished and ceased to be,
When thou didst walk in wrath
With thine horses through the sea !

VII.

ANOTHER DAY IN OLD BOSTON.

IF there is time to read an old-fashioned novel evenings or on rainy days, you might ask at the hotel library for *Lionel Lincoln*, by one Cooper, of whom you have heard, perhaps. Cooper saw what you see—oh, as far back as the first twenty years of this century. And the book will give you some idea of the Boston of that day, as of the Revolutionary days.

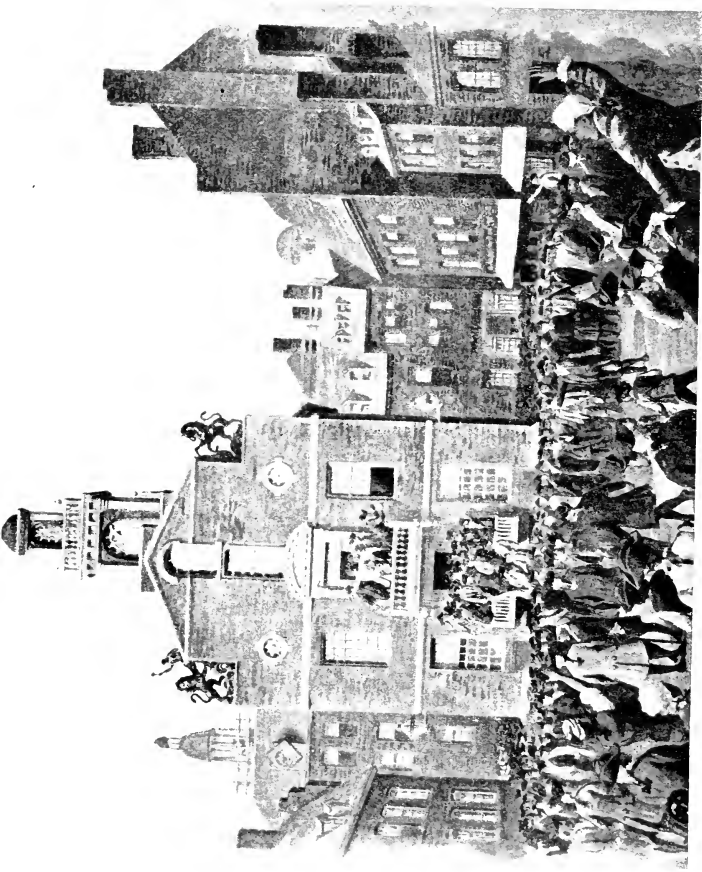
Suppose we start from the State House on another walk. Leave the Common this time and go northward through Beacon Street. Here is the Boston Athenæum, and though we have no time to go into the library, we will just look into the entrance hall, where is a cast of Houdon's Washington and some good portraits.

Now walk on, turn a little to the right, and go down hill. You pass the new and old Congregational Houses. Now just here, Paul, is where the schoolboys started on their coast, as dear Mr. Robins told me the story. "Lickety cut—clear the lalla—clear the coast!"—I dare say they shouted just as they do now. That victory of theirs, with General Haldimand, was the first victory of the Revolution. I tried to make the mayor proclaim a holiday for the last week in every January—a holiday in which every Boston boy might coast down this street as far as Washington Street.

Cross Tremont Street. On the right, where Parker's Hotel is, was the schoolhouse of those days. But it was on the left-hand side—on the north side—when Benjamin Franklin went to school there—the Franklin of the whistle. Do not pass his statue, which stands where he used to play "tag," without looking at it carefully. The Franklin is, on the whole, the best bronze statue in Boston, though, if you want to, you may

speaking of Powers's Webster in the same day. Remember what I told you, that Mr. Greenough modelled the head in conformity with his own acute observation, that one side of Franklin's face showed him as the good-natured, shrewd humorist, as "Poor Richard," while the other side shows the grave philosopher and statesman. Observe the fur: fur, Mr. Greenough tells me, was a printer's badge. The other statue is by Ball. It represents the first Mayor Quincy, the same who was president of Harvard College. He was the son of Josiah Quincy, of the Revolution, and was the great-grandfather of Josiah Quincy, who is the Mayor in 1898, when these words are written.

Court Street was Queen Street in more loyal times, named, I think, from Queen Anne—perhaps from Queen Caroline, of the Heart of Midlothian. When it crosses Washington Street it becomes State Street. In the loyal days it became King Street. But in 1776 we changed all that. In that same 1776, for reasons well known to you, we



Reading the Declaration of Independence.

took down the lion and the unicorn from the State House, although you now see them there again, "fighting for the crown," as in the nursery song. We put them up a few years ago as matter of history, and a stanch Irish member of the council insisted, wittily and wisely, I think, that history should also be represented by our putting up the American eagle over their heads. So you may see a "happy family" of the three.

Let us cross over by this foot walk to Court Square and Court Street.

Walk down State Street still, by the old building, but do not leave the narrow sidewalk. You see the scene of the Boston massacre. At your left, at the corner of Exchange Street, stood the file of English soldiers—"lobster backs," as the mob called them—whom the mob insulted. On your right, on the north side of the street, the mob hooted them and pelted them. The soldiers fired, at Preston's order, and nine men were killed. Above you, on the second story, is the balcony from which Colonel Crafts or

Mr. Greenleaf read the Declaration of Independence.

Now go back a few steps and go upstairs into the dear old State House itself, and see the rooms where the Council and Assembly sat in the old days. After the constitution of the State was formed, the House of Representatives and Senate sat here. Here you will have your fill of interesting curiosities collected by the Bostonian Society. It was in the Council Chamber that James Otis made his famous speech on the "Writs of Assistance," of which John Adams says that "then and there American independence was born."

Walk down State Street to Broad Street, and take your right. Any policeman will tell you how to walk along, on what is now Commercial Street, till you come to the bronze tablet, well designed, which tells where the tea was thrown overboard. Do not ask for T Wharf; that is another sort of T.

Now you have seen the best two of the Revolutionary buildings; for I count the two

State Houses as such, though the new State House was not begun till the new nation had become prosperous and had gone about its business. I call it so because Sam Adams laid the corner stone, because it contains the old relics from Bennington and other battle-fields, and because the unprinted history of the war is there.

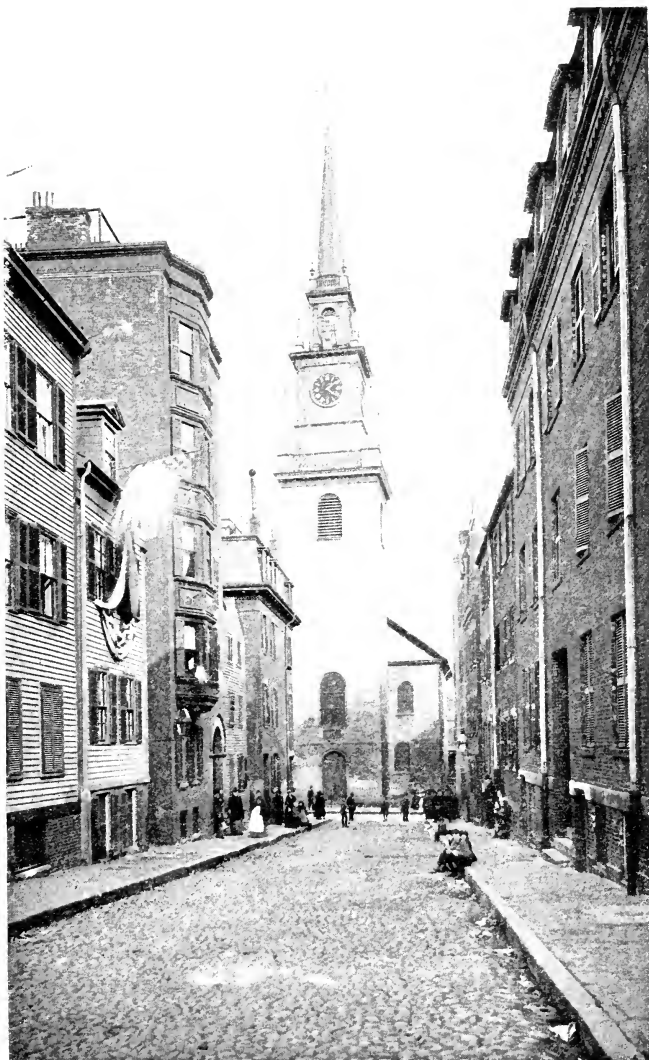
Another Revolutionary building is the Old South Meeting-House, which is the "nursery of freedom," and another is Christ Church, in Salem Street, the lantern church, of which I have spoken.

The Italians now make the ruling population in the neighborhood of the lantern church. They do not know much of history, but they are equal to the emergency, and they have created a myth of their own. They see a crowd of people assemble on the 19th of April to look at the church and to hear the chime as it plays the national air. And the story-tellers among them will tell you that in the old days, long, long ago, the people of Boston became very wicked, and

forgot God and heaven and hell and the angels and all saints. And so, one night, the Virgin Mary descended from heaven and hung a lantern on the steeple, that all men and women might see and believe. From that time to this, according to the legend, the people of Boston have been the comparatively decent people that they are now, with a certain reverence for sacred things.

These things, therefore, the Italians will tell you. If you care to extend your walk from Christ Church, you will find the new park where these little Italian children can paddle in the dear old sea. If you have my luck on my last walk there, you will hear some North End children sing, "Onery, Two-ery," with a loyal refrain about the king and queen which some sailor ancestor learned nearly two hundred years ago. The king and queen were William and Mary.

Later than sixty years ago, as you have seen, the outer works of the English were visible, where Blackstone and Franklin Squares are now. The committee on public



Christ Church.

grounds might well renew them before another winter comes, and put one of the old captured cannon on each of them.

And in Roxbury, on Fort Hill Avenue, is a good reproduction of Knox's "upper fort," of which the most exaggerated accounts were printed in Europe. In South Boston is Independence Square, where you may get an idea of the fortifications which compelled the English to evacuate the town. *Hostibus primo fugatis* is the motto on the medal which Congress then gave to Washington. This medal is now in the cabinet of the Historical Society. But you had better reserve the visit to Independence Square to another day.

A good experience would be to come into town on Washington Street, as the army came in triumph on the morning of March 17, 1776. We should thus reverse our ride of the day we went to Lexington. The British squadron had left, with the refugee Tories and their families. Washington, with a large force, marched in over the Neck. And from that time that part of the street was named

Washington Street. The name has since absorbed all the old names of different parts of the same highway—Orange Street, Newbury Street, Marlboro Street—which recall so many different passages of history.

Take any outward-bound car on Washington Street, and ask to be dropped at the old car stable. It is just at the point where, as an old stone shows you, Boston once ended and Roxbury began. Here it was that, when Washington was President, he waited in a cold northeaster while the Selectmen and Governor Hancock settled some quarrel of etiquette. "Is there no other way into the town?" said the President at last, and the uneasy procession moved. But then and there the people caught the "Washington influenza," which has its place in history.

Take any open car that is bound northward. At Blackstone and Franklin Squares you will pass the point where were the advanced English works, spoken of on page 124. At Dover Street was a gate, with a picket fence. Beach Street, when you come

to it, preserves the memory of the beach, which is well remembered by that old gentleman in front of you; very likely he has "gone in swimming" there. Look up at the right just as you come to Sage's trunk store at the corner of Boylston Street, and you see, in stone, the representation of the Liberty Tree of the Revolution.

Farther on, you might get off at Milk Street, walk a few steps back, then turn into a queer dark alley, and see all that is left of the Province House, which you know so well from Hawthorne. The Old South itself, in Milk Street, is one of the few historical buildings spared. Opposite, in Milk Street, a tablet will tell you where Franklin was born. The legend is that he was put in a silk bag before he was twelve hours old, and carried across the street for Mr. Willard to christen him.

When Burgoyne was riding into Boston, after his surrender, General Heath, the American commander here, accompanied him. "There is the Governor's house," said Bur-

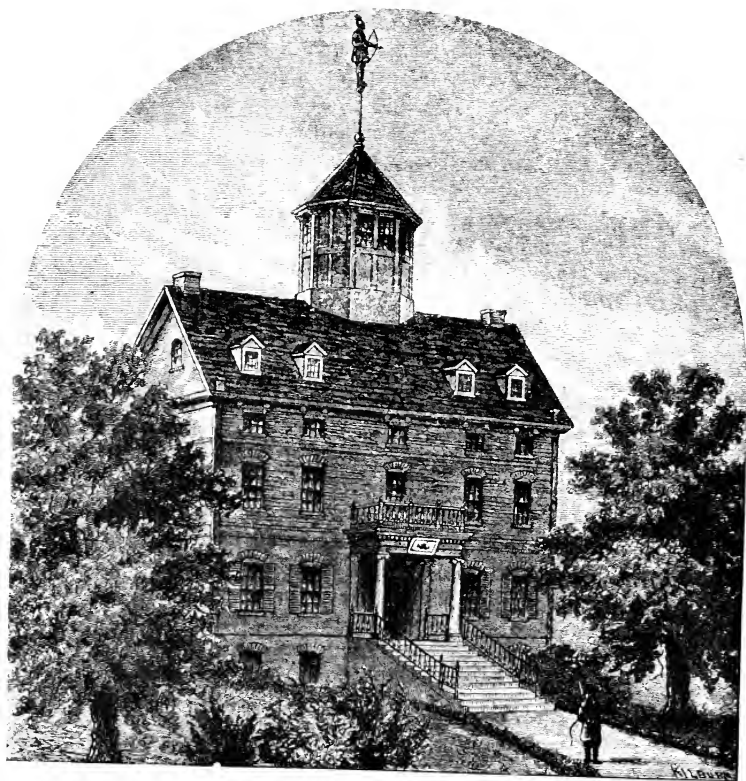
goyne, as they passed it. "Yes," said a rude boy who jostled them, "and on the other side is the riding school." For when Burgoyne was in Boston before, the cavalry had used the Old South for a school of horsemanship.

I believe you have been in the old meeting-house. The steeple is the same which shook in the October gale of Mr. Longfellow's ballad, when—

It tolled the bell in the tower
As it tolls for funerals.

Walk on; let the cars go down Milk Street. At the corner of School Street you see the Old Corner Bookstore, very little changed since Longfellow and the Mutual Admiration Society met there, and Fields and Whipple and Warren Sawyer and that young set met Holmes and Lowell and Parsons and Hawthorne there. Go a little farther, and you come to the old State House again.

On the upper corner, on one side, was General Knox's bookshop. Opposite was the



The Province House.

best inn in town in 1776. I think Howe had his quarters there; I know that Washington took up his there, after his army entered.

He took the landlady's little daughter on his knee. "Well, little lady, you have seen the English soldiers, and now you see the Yankees—which do you like best?"

Children are not good liars, and on Washington's knee no one, I suppose, could tell a lie. The child said truly that she liked the redcoats best.

The general laughed. "Yes, indeed," he said, "they have the best clothes. But it takes the ragged boys to do the fighting." This story the little girl's daughter told me in 1857.

And here, dear Polly, we must stop. But perhaps you can find your way alone to Copp's Hill, and poke about among the tombs and graves there. Here Gage and Burgoyne watched the fight at Bunker Hill, where Howe, then Gage's subordinate, was leading the right wing up to the rail fence. And

here the well-informed janitor will tell you his stories.

One must stop somewhere. I have given you what you may take in six or seven days. Some of the churches will be open on week days. Among those of historical interest are the First Church, where you will see the original broad covenant of the church emblazoned on one of the windows; the Second Church, where the Mathers preached, where Emerson and Henry Ware have preached since then; the Third Church, on the corner of Copley Square, which used to meet in the Old South Meeting-House which you have visited. King's Chapel was the first Episcopal church; Arlington Street Church was the first Presbyterian church.

The First Baptist Church, though not in its old place, worships in the fine church at the corner of Clarendon Street and Commonwealth Avenue. Bartholdi, the famous sculptor, executed the designs of the statues on the tower of that church; he told me himself that the heads which you will see there are

portraits of distinguished citizens of Boston of that time. If you buy the right photographs, and magnify them with the right glasses, you will find Sumner and, I think, Garrison, and probably Everett and Phillips. The first Catholic church was in Milk Street; the Cathedral is now nearly opposite Union Park, on Washington Street, where water flowed in the days when the good Cheverus really established the first Roman Catholic church.

When you visit Rome, if you see the Holy Father, he will ask you how long you are going to stay in Rome. If you say "seven days," he will say, "You can see a great deal of Rome in seven days." If you say "six months," he will say, "You will be beginning to be acquainted in six months." If you say "two years," he will say, "Ah, when you leave us you will say you know nothing about us!" I might say very much the same of Boston. And as I want to encourage you, I will intimate that in seven days you may see a good deal of the dear old town.

If Pauline needs anything to read to-night

she may read the ballad of the Old South, which, in a way, sums up this history :

THE OLD SOUTH MEETING-HOUSE.

To hide the time-stains on our wall,
Let every tattered banner fall !
The Bourbon lilies, green and old,
That flaunted once, in burnished gold ;
The oriflamme of France that fell
That day when sun-burned Pepperell
His shotted salvos fired so well.
The Fleur de Lys trailed sulky down,
And Louisburg was George's town.
The Bourbon yields it, in despair,
To Saxon arm and Pilgrim prayer.

Hang there the Lion and the Tower,
The trophies of an earlier hour,
Pale emblems of Castilian pride,
That shrouded Winslow when he died
Beneath Jamaica's palm.

Hang there, and there, the dusty rags
Which once were jaunty battle-flags,
And, for a week, in triumph vain,
Gay flaunted over blue Champlain ;
Gayly had circled half the world,
Until they drooped, disgraced and furled
That day the Hampshire line
Stood to its arms at dress parade,
Beneath the Stars and Stripes arrayed,
And Massachusetts Pine,
To see the great atonement made
By " Ried'sel " and Burgoyne.



King's Chapel.

Eagles which Cæsar's hand had fed,
Banners which Charlemagne had led
A thousand years before,
A dozing empire meanly gave
To grace a court or serve a slave ;
Let Brunswick and the Landgrave wave
Their banners on our shore.
Brunswick and Hesse basely sold
Eagle and flag for George's gold ;
And in the storm of war,
In crash of battle, thick and dark,
Beneath the rifle-shot of Stark,
The war-worn staves, the crests of gold,
The 'scutcheons proud, the storied fold,
In surges of defeat were rolled !—
So, even Roman banners fall
To screen the time-stains on our wall !

Beneath the war-flags' faded fold
I see our sovereigns of old
On magic canvas there.
The tired face of "baby Charles"
Looks sadly down from Pilgrim walls,
Half pride and half despair,
Doubtful to flatter or to strike,
To cozen or to dare.
His steel-clad charger he bestrides,
As if to smite the Ironsides,
When Rupert with his squadron rides ;
Yet, such his gloomy brow and eye,
You wonder if he will not try
Once more the magic of a lie
To lift him from his care.

Hold still your truncheon ! If it moves,
The ire of Cromwell's rage it braves !
For the next picture shows
The grim Protector on his steed,
Ready to pray, to strike, to lead,—
Dare all for England, which he saves,
New England, which he loves.

These are Vandyck's. 'Tis Kneller there
Has pictured a more peaceful pair :
There Orange gives his last command,
The Charter gives to Mather's hand ;
And, blooming there, the queenly she
Who takes, " now counsel, and now tea,"
Confounding Blenheim and Bohea,
Careless of war's alarm.
Yet, as of old, the virgin Queen,
When armed for victory, might press
The smoky firelock of " Brown Bess,"
So Anna, in a fond caress,
Rests on a black " Queen's arm."

Beneath those forms another band,
Silent, but eloquent, shall stand.
There is no uttered voice nor speech
As still of liberty they teach ;
No language and no sound is heard,
Yet still the everlasting word
Goes forth to thrill the land.

Story and Greenough shall compel
The silent marble form to tell
The lesson that they told so well—
Lessons of Fate and Awe ;

Franklin still point the commonplace
Of Liberty and Law.

Adams shall look in Otis' face

Blazing with Freedom's soul,
And Molyneux see Hancock trace
The fatal word which frees a race,
There, in New England's well-earned place,
The head of Freedom's roll.

VIII.

THE ISLANDS AND THE FORTS.

PERHAPS mamma will be afraid of being upset in a boat and drowned. Perhaps she will be afraid that the boys and girls will be.

But if not—if mamma and papa are both disposed to take a comfortable boat, with a skillful skipper, at one of the boat landings—I will tell you of a very pleasant excursion which you may make, all of you, and you shall come home safe, and you shall thank me for giving you the hint.

I should say that as good a way to begin as any, would be to take one of the street cars which goes out to the eastern end of South Boston. If you find you are in another South Boston car, transfer into something which will take you to the Marine Park at City Point. There let papa look



Squantum Head.

round and find a good skipper and a good boat, and hire them for the afternoon. You had better start pretty early. But do not let any boy go and do this unless papa is present. I do not respect the judgment of Fred Junior as much as I do that of his father.

When you are all on board the boat, tell the skipper that you want to go down to Squantum and see the bold point there where, "they do say," an Indian squaw threw herself into the sea. For my part, I do not believe that there could have been so many Sapphos who threw themselves into the sea because the rocks were high, as popular tradition supposes. But here is a bold fine bluff of stone; and here is a monument, because this is the point where Captain Standish, and perhaps Edward Winslow, landed in September, 1621. And here they found some lobsters, and they boiled the lobsters and ate them. And afterward they found the women who owned the lobster pots, and they paid the women for the lobsters and they went their way.

Now this was the first expedition of white men, or of any other men, who have left any record that they even so much as saw our dear Boston. The famous Champlain, the Frenchman, came down here more than ten years before ; but he did not put down Boston on his map with any such precision that it can be recognized. Captain John Smith—the same who was saved by Pocahontas and who cut off the heads of three Turks—came up the bay a little after Champlain. He said there were many islands here, as there are ; and he put down Charles River, but he does not seem to have landed in Boston. But in this September, 1621, which I told you about, the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, wishing that they knew more of what they called the head of the bay, sent up this shallop, as they called it, with some people on board, of whom the military commander was Miles Standish. And, although there is the least bit of a quarrel about it, I think the other commander was Edward Winslow—yes, Mary,

he is the same who died afterward on his way to Jamaica. The Spanish colors

Shrouded Winslow when he died,—
Beneath Jamaica's palm.

After they had had that feast of lobsters, they sailed north and must have passed by the whole front of Boston. But they do not seem to have landed there; they do not say that they landed there. On the other hand, we know that they did pass the whole eastern front of Charlestown; they must have looked up and seen Bunker's Hill, but they did not know it was to be called Bunker's Hill, and they did not know there was to be a battle there. They went on and on, and at a point which perhaps the boatman will know about, about two miles north of the navy yard or somewhere in that region, they landed. And this is the first landing of white people which anybody knows anything about, on what is now the territorial domain of Boston. And perhaps this is not on the territorial domain of Boston; perhaps this is a little

farther up, and is in the town of Somerville. Anyway, they found here on poles the dead body of Nanepashemet, a sachem who had died not long before. And here also they found some courageous Indian women, with whom they had courteous interchange of such things as the women had to sell, and as they wanted to buy.

Alas, they have left very little account of what they saw ! But here is an account which Bradford, who sent them out, wrote about an early expedition of his. I think we may say that there is no earlier description of Boston than is in the third, fourth, and fifth lines of this poem :

O Boston, though thou now art grown
To be a great and wealthy town,
Yet I have seen thee a void place,
Shrubs and bushes covering thy face ;
And house then in thee none were there,
Nor such as gold and silk did weare ;
No drunkenness were then in thee,
Nor such excesse as now we see.
We then drunk freely of thy spring
Without paying of anything ;
We lodged freely where we would,
All things were free and nothing sold.

And they that did thee first begin
Had hearts as free and as willing
Their poor friends for to entertaine,
And never looked at sordid gaine.

Some thou hast had whome I did know,
That spent theirselves to make thee grow,
And thy foundations they did lay
Which doe remaine unto this day.
When thou wast weak they did thee nurse,
Or else with thee it had been worse ;
They left not thee, but did defend
And succour thee until their end.

Thou now hast growne in wealth and store,
Do not forget that thou wast poore,
And lift not up thyself in pride,
From truth and justice turn not aside.
Remember thou a Cotton had,
Which made the hearts of many glad ;
What he thee taught bear thou in minde,
It's hard another such to finde.
A Winthrop once in thee was knowne,
Who unto thee was as a crowne.
Such ornaments are very rare,
Yet thou enjoyed this blessed pair.
But these are gone, their work is done,
Their day is past, set is their sun :
Yet faithful Wilson still remains,
And learned Norton doth take pains.

Live ye in peace. I could say more.
Oppress ye not the weake and poore.
The trade is all in your own hand,
Take heede ye doe not wrong the land,
Lest he that hath lift you on high,
Whenas the poore to him doe cry,

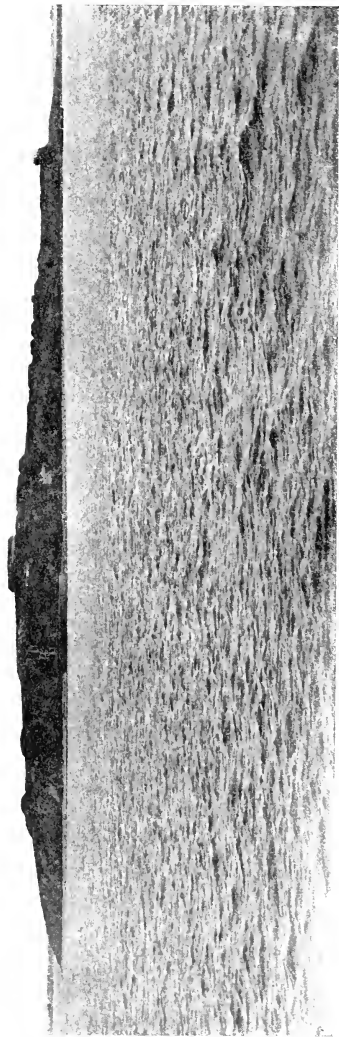
Doe throw you downe from your high state,
And make you low and desolate.

Now, as you come home, if this boatman whom I have recommended says there is time, ask him to take you down, first to Governor's Island and then to Castle Island, and you shall see the two fortified places which for about two hundred years protected, or tried to protect, our town of Boston from foreign invasion.

You will see that Governor's Island is not a large island, and if they will let you land, you will be able to go in to see the curious fortification which is now established there. You can hardly see it from the sea; you might even think it was the roof of an old barn. But in fact there is a strong fort there, and the reason you do not see more is that it is, so to speak, sunk in the ground and protected from the shots of an enemy by the very hill which once made a part of the island. Such are the habits of modern engineers.

This little island was originally called





Fort Winthrop, Governor's Island.

Conant's Island. I suppose it was named from Richard Conant, who is one of the four men who are generally spoken of as the first four settlers of Massachusetts Bay. But I do not know, and perhaps nobody else knows. Very early it was given to our good John Winthrop, who was the first Governor of Massachusetts after the arrival of the settlers of 1630. He is the Governor Winthrop who brought the charter over with him, whom you will see represented at the head of Court Street with the charter in his hand. And, if you make this trip after the expedition to the State House, as perhaps you will, you will like to remember that the charter which he brought is the oldest of the charters which you have seen there.

The General Court gave him the island, and they called it "Governor's Island." He did not think of a fort there then; they all thought it was going to be a sort of vineyard. They did not know then how poor the grapes were which grew here. So they

gave it, I think as a sort of a joke, to him for forty shillings; but he was to pay one shilling rent on the 25th of March. It was also agreed that he should plant a vineyard and an orchard there. And it was agreed that after his death the lease should be renewed for twenty-one years to his heirs; only that the heirs should pay a fifth part of the fruits which should be yearly raised out of the same. I think this is their only grant of land on such queer, old-fashioned conditions. And the reason why I think so is that, after a year or two, the lease was changed. I think they had all been down the bay together, Winthrop and the rest; for they then passed a vote that, "Whereas, the yearly rent was the fifth part of all the fruits that shall grow there, it is ordered, at the request of John Winthrop, Esquire, that the rent of said island shall be a hogshead of the best wine that shall grow there, to be paid yearly after his death, and nothing before." Then afterward (I rather think they had been down the harbor again to see it, and had

found that the wine was not likely to be very good) they confirmed the grant on condition that the rent should be only two bushels of apples every year—one bushel to the Governor and another to the General Court, “the same to be of the best apples there growing.”

All this seems a little as if it were fun; and accordingly we find, on another occasion, that the Governor paid a bushel of apples to the General Court, although it would seem by the terms of the grant that they were only to be paid after his death. On some such terms as these the island was granted to him, and it remained in the possession of some representatives of his family until the United States bought it, within the present century, and established upon it a fort, which is called Fort Winthrop to this day.

Land there, as I say, if you have time and if they will let you; but if there is not time enough for both, go across to the landing at Fort Independence. The fort which now

has this name is established where the Castle William of the last century was built, and this castle was named after William III. Up till that time the fortification here was generally called "the Castle" and had no other name.

When the first settlers came to Boston they took their chances against a foreign enemy; but they had not been there many years when La Tour, a Frenchman, came to Boston to solicit aid against his countrymen in Acadia. The arrival of his ship gave a great alarm to the town, for so little attention had been paid to defense that there was not a soldier on the island. In consequence of this surprise the fort was rebuilt at the expense of the six neighboring towns and garrisoned principally from Dorchester. It still showed the weakness or the economy of the colony. It was made of wood, and in 1665 had not more than six guns mounted.

It had been proposed at first to have a "floating galley," as they called it, forty feet long and twenty feet wide, and some of the

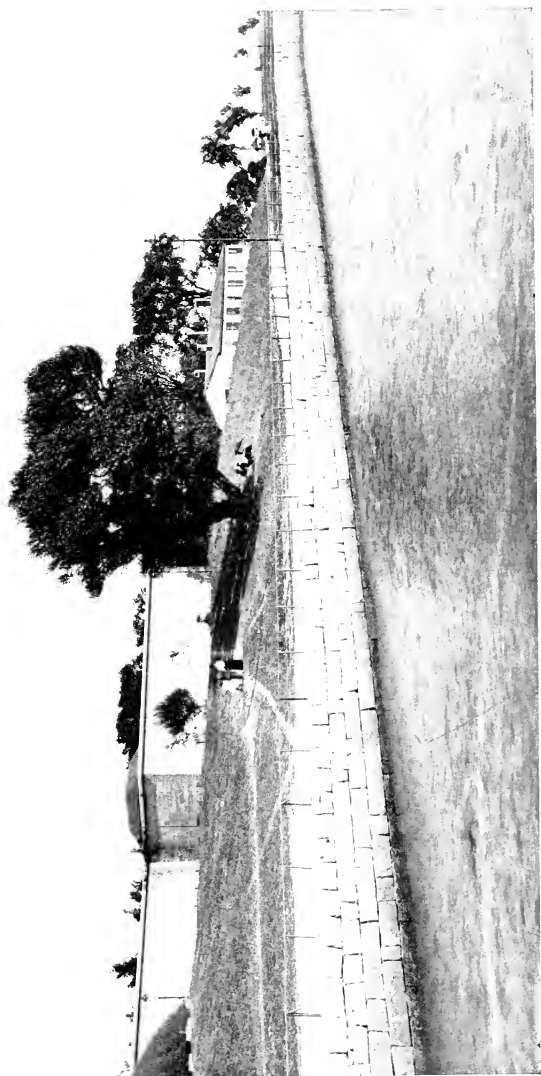
liberal people subscribed for that. But before the summer was over they changed their minds about this and the fort was built instead; and this was the first of a series of seven fortifications which were built at different crises here, of which the last is Fort Independence, which you shall now see. We peace people like to say that the forts have done their duty without ever firing a shot in anger. Once or twice there has been a shot fired across the bows of some vessel that was coming in, to make her show her colors or account for herself in some way; but no enemy but Time has ever attacked either of the different forts. And, last of all, we went to Congress and asked Congress to give us back our whole island for a playground for our children, and then Congress did so.

The island is called Castle Island, and always has been called Castle Island. When the nation was established the State of Massachusetts gave the island to the General Government, and now the General Government

has given back the use of the island to the city of Boston for a part of its public-park system.

Perhaps all this about the boat and the skipper and the sailing across the harbor may prove imaginary. Perhaps the day is not nice, or perhaps mamma has to attend a meeting of the Colonial Dames, so that only the boys and girls can go. In that case you can still see the fort and can walk about and can look across and see Winthrop's island; and, I think, if you get on the highest point of all, you can see far off the point at Squantum where the lobsters were.

You will take some South Boston car, as I have described before; but, instead of asking for a boat at City Point, ask one of the guides to show you the pretty pier which goes across the water to the island. It will please you to see the number of little children running about on the pier, and to see the little white babies sitting on their mothers' knees and taking the comfort of the sea air.



In 1665, as dear old Captain Richard Davenport, who was the commander of the Castle, was taking his afternoon nap on the 15th of July, he was struck dead by lightning. His dog was killed at the gate. There was only a wainscot partition between his room and the magazine of powder. He was an old man who had had to do with that incident which I think you have read about, when, thirty years before, Endicott had cut the cross out of the king's colors. From that time to his time it had been agreed that the red cross should be shown in the flag at the Castle, while it was not shown anywhere on the mainland until the reign of Charles II. Captain Richard Clap, who has given one of the most quaint accounts of the early settlement left from that generation, was appointed as Davenport's successor. In 1673 the whole fort was burned down by accident and a stone fort was then built in its place. After King William came to the throne he sent over Colonel Romer, a celebrated engineer, to repair the fort. Instead of repairing it, he demolished

the old works and raised an entirely new fortification.

Of this new fort, Dummer, in his *Defense of New England Charters*, page 17, gives a minute description. He says: "At the entrance of the harbor there is a strong, beautiful Castle which is by far the finest specimen of military architecture in British America. It was built by Colonel Romer, a famous German engineer, at the country's expense, and called Castle William. It is a *quarré* surrounded with a covered way and joined with two lines of communication from the main gate to a redoubt which is to prevent the landing. It is well situated near the channel to hinder ships from coming up to the town, which must all come within pistol shot of this battery. It is mounted with one hundred pieces of cannon, several of which are placed on a platform near high-water mark so as to rake a ship fore and aft before she can bring her broadsides to bear against the Castle, and some of these cannon carry forty-two pounders. In peace there is an independent com-

pany of fifty or one hundred men, I am not certain which, that constantly are on duty; but in time of war five hundred able men are exempted from all other military duty to attend the service of the Castle at an hour's warning upon any signal given to the Castle of the appearance of any ships and their number. The Castle again warns the town, and, if there be five ships or more in time of war, an alarm is given to all the adjacent counties by firing a beacon. The province has also a galley or frigate well manned in time of war to guard the coast from privateers and to convoy their home trade."

In 1740 the fort was again enlarged and in a manner rebuilt, and the Castle, as it then existed, is the place to which "Sam Adams's regiments" were withdrawn by Colonel Dalrymple after the Boston massacre.

And now all the island is a pretty park, and boys may sail their shingle boats from the shore, or, under certain restrictions, they may go in and swim from the beach; and you can stay here till half an hour before sunset,

when you may tell your boatman to bring you back to South Boston point; or, if you did not come in the boat, you may take a trolley car and for five cents each may go home and tell your mother all that has happened.

IX.

THE STREETS.

It has been intimated, in preceding chapters of this book, that simply by walking in the streets of Boston one gets a sniff of the air of the history of past centuries. Something, not primeval or prehistoric, but old-fashioned or antiquarian, lingers even in the lines of the streets, and it is often recalled in their names. There are antiquaries in Boston who would gladly recall the names of the original days, for whom Boylston Street is still Frog Lane. It is asking too much to expect a return to these names from a Boston like the Boston of to-day, of which a majority of the inhabitants are from emigrants who have come to this country since the year 1840. But the strangers in Boston who will use this book may be glad to have

a key to a few of the names of the streets through which they will go. It will answer their convenience best if these names are arranged in alphabetical order.

Adams Street.—There are several Adams Streets in Boston, and several Adams Places, Squares, etc. All of them are named from the first or second President Adams. John Adams, the first President of that name, though not born in Boston, lived in Boston for a considerable part of his early life. His house was very near the scene of the Boston massacre; the whole neighborhood is changed so that it is difficult to “dilate with the right emotion” when one visits the spot, but it was in Brattle Square, a little below where the church stood. A house in the possession of the family later occupied the same site which the Adams House hotel occupies to-day, and that name may be considered as a historical name.

Albany Street.—This long thoroughfare was made at the time when the South Cove, so called, was reclaimed from the ocean by

[illegible]

A Section of Bonner's Map of Boston, 1722.

the South Cove Company. It marks, therefore, a period of great enlargement in the growth of Boston—in particular, the opening of the Boston and Albany Railway to the West. The principal streets named at that time are Albany Street, Hudson Street, Harrison Avenue, and Tyler Street—Harrison and Tyler being the President and Vice-President, whose accession to power marked the first political triumph of the New Englanders in national affairs for many years.

Alger Street, in South Boston, refers back to Mr. Cyrus Alger, a public-spirited citizen of the earlier part of this century.

Allston, one of the suburban villages which is included in the present Boston, is so named from Washington Allston, the most distinguished American artist of his time. Washington Allston lived, however, in Cambridge, not within the present precincts of Boston proper, and his important historical pictures were painted there.

Appleton Street is one of the streets upon what was formerly called the Back Bay. It

is named for the distinguished family of Appletons, the different members of which played an important part in the introduction of manufactures into New England after its foreign commerce began to decline.

Arlington Street.—The alphabetical names of the broad streets on the Back Bay were given by the commission which laid out that district. For convenience of memory, the first name is in three syllables, the second in two, the third in three again, the fourth in two, and so on till we come to Hereford Street. The eight names are Arlington, Berkeley, Clarendon, Dartmouth, Exeter, Fairfield, Gloucester, and Hereford. The name Independence Avenue should have been given to Massachusetts Avenue, for the purpose of maintaining the alphabet; but other counsels prevailed. All these names were taken primarily from towns or places of an English origin; but, without reference to this, it may be said that Arlington Street preserves the memory of the march of Percy through West Cambridge, then Menotomy.

This place is now called Arlington, a town almost as closely connected as Lexington itself with our early history.

Berkeley retains the memory of Bishop Berkeley, who wrote, "Westward the star of empire takes its way."

Clarendon was named for the Clarendon Press in Oxford.

Dartmouth Street was named in memory of Dartmouth College and of the Earl of Dartmouth, who was the only member of the English Government of Lord North's time who favored the colonists in the least.

Exeter Street was named from Exeter Academy, where so many of the distinguished men of New England have been educated.

Fairfield Street recalls the memory of a distinguished governor of the State of Maine.

Gloucester Street, of the town of Gloucester, which makes Cape Ann and its Revolutionary associations.

Hereford Street preserves the memory of

an English county from which many of the first emigrants to this country came.

In their alphabetical places we will speak of Marlborough Street, Newbury Street, and of the avenues which pass from north to south through the Back Bay. The reader should understand that the whole region thus designated was covered with water in the days of the Revolution, and until the year 1825.

Amory Street preserves the name of the large estate which was divided that this street, with others in the neighborhood, might be laid out.

Anderson Street is a memorial of the Civil War. At the time when Major Anderson was the hero of the moment because he had defended Fort Sumter, the name of this street, in a part of the town especially given up to the colored race, was changed in his honor.

Ashland Street recalls the memory of the days when Henry Clay, who lived at Ashland, was a candidate for the Presidency.

Atlantic Avenue in its name shows that it is one of the streets reclaimed from the Atlantic Ocean.

Austin Street, in Charlestown, recalls the name of a distinguished citizen of the town in the earlier part of this century.

A Street, B Street, C Street, etc., go back to the time when the region then called Dorchester Neck was annexed to Boston, and first called South Boston. It is on this "neck," so-called, that the fortifications were erected by which Washington and his great subordinate, Ward, drove the English from the town—the last foreign soldiers who ever came to Massachusetts with warlike purpose. This neck was laid out with the natural hope that it might become an important, not to say fashionable, part of the town. It extends into the ocean, and as a summer residence is more agreeable than even the best parts of the old peninsula of Boston. It was laid out somewhat in the fashion of the city of Washington, with cross-streets like those in Washington, named A, B, C, D, etc.,

with a Broadway in the middle, which sought to recall memories of New York, while the parallel streets were First, Second, Third, Fourth, and so on. Historically, the whole nomenclature of South Boston recalls those earlier days of the laying out of new cities and dignifying the streets by systematic names.

Barton Street recalls the memory of Barton's Point, at the extreme northwest of Boston, so named probably from some early shipbuilder.

Battery Street recalls the memory of fortifications which belonged to colonial times.

Beach Street, where one may look vainly for water on either side, was at one time the beach on the northern part of the South Cove. This writer has sailed his own hemlock-bark boats there.

Beacon Street recalls the name of the beacon which, from 1636, or perhaps earlier, stood on Beacon Hill, until, not long after the erection of the State House, it was taken

away. It has been suggested that this beacon shall be erected again on the new park which the traveler will find between Bowdoin Street, Derne Street, and Mount Vernon Street.

The streets in East Boston were laid out and named between 1830 and 1840. They generally take patriotic names, of which *Bennington* is the first.

The streets at the North End, where they have taken names in more recent times, are generally named from the important towns in Essex and Middlesex Counties, the inhabitants of which come through that part of the town to the city. Such are *Beverly Street* and *Lowell Street*.

In the earlier part of the century the beginning was made of filling up the "Mill pond," by the side of which Benjamin Franklin played; and in 1834 this work was carried on to the north of the causeway which separated that mill pond from the northern shore. *Causeway Street* retains its name, and shows almost exactly the line of the old

causeway which kept the water at the level of high tide in the mill pond.

Blackstone Street, which is one of the new streets opening on Haymarket Square, is named from William Blackstone or Blaxton, the first inhabitant of Boston of any race whose history is recorded. *Canal Street* and *Creek Square*, in this region, give tokens of early nomenclature.

After the Revolution, one of the first tokens of the enlargement of the town was the laying out of some fine streets which ran westward down Beacon Hill. These streets took their names from revolutionary associations, and in some instances they suggest the names of properties held by those who bore them. Such are *Hancock Street*, *Bowdoin Street*, *Temple Street*, named for John Hancock, James Bowdoin, and William Temple. *Belknap Street* was named for Jeremy Belknap, the minister of the church in Federal Street, the founder of the Historical Society, a person who had always taken great interest in the history of the colonies. The name of

this street, however, has since been changed to *Joy Street*. *Cambridge Street*, into which all these streets open, took its name as early as 1708.

Boylston Street, as has been said, is the street formerly known as Frog Lane. It was named Boylston in honor of the Boylston family, who won their first distinction from the spirit with which Dr. Zabdiel Boylston insisted on inoculation for the small-pox. This was at the time when the mob of Boston broke his windows, and would gladly have killed him for his enthusiasm in that direction.

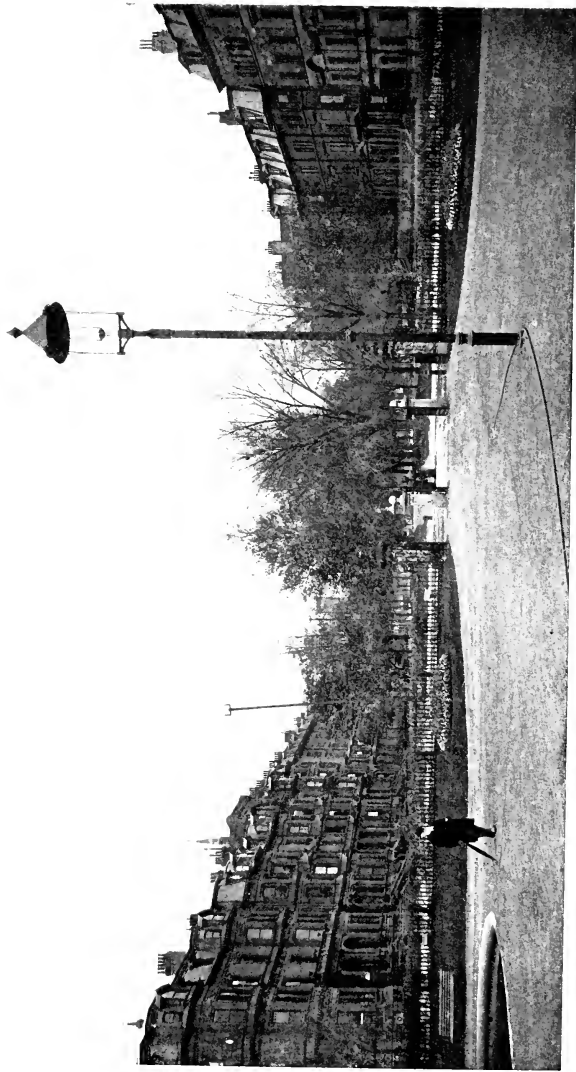
Bunker Hill Street, in Charlestown, takes the name of the battle ground.

Canton Street is the first, alphabetically, of a group of streets with geographical names, laid out when the enlargement of the town southward made it desirable that the open lands on or near what was called "the Neck" should be occupied for residences. This neck must not be confounded with Dorchester Neck. It will be convenient to

strangers from other parts of Massachusetts to recollect that these streets are nearly, though not quite, in order of the distances from Boston of the towns whose names they bear. The streets thus named are Dedham Street, Canton Street, Brookline Street, Newton Street, Rutland Street, Concord Street, Worcester Street, Springfield Street, Chester Square. These names were all suggested by the fact that Northampton Street next crosses Washington Street; this had been named long before. Rutland Street and Brookline Street break the geographical order, which is a misfortune. It was once suggested that the name of Brookline Street should be changed to Lexington Street, so that it might lead up properly to Concord Street, but this has never been done.

Channing Street recalls the memory of Federal Street Church, in the immediate neighborhood, where Dr. William Ellery Channing preached for many years.

The *Common* was so called as early as 1634, when it was bought from William



Commonwealth Avenue.

Blackstone, who left Boston at that time. It was bought for a common, from the products of an assessment of two shillings laid on each inhabitant of the town. All those inhabitants had the right to pasture their cows there, a right which they maintained till within the memory of people now living. It is perhaps a question whether the descendants of one of these people might not now successfully claim his right to pasture his beast there. From the Common came the name of Common Street, which was formerly given to all of Tremont Street from Park Street Church. The name still lingers in a short street running from Tremont Street to Washington Street.

Commonwealth Avenue was very properly named when the Commonwealth of Massachusetts reclaimed the deeper waters of the Back Bay, and made land there. It is the central artery of the circulation of the streets then laid out. The names *Newbury Street* and *Marlborough Street* formerly belonged to the great central street of Boston; but as

those names had been given up in order that the great name of Washington might be given to the whole of that street, *Newbury Street*, which is a memorial of old Puritan enthusiasm, and *Marlborough Street*, which recalls the times of Queen Anne's victories, have been transferred to the streets parallel with Commonwealth Avenue.

Between this region, which marks the line of daily low-water mark, and the old upland which belonged to the city, and is commonly called in local parlance the *South End*, there was a gore over which the tide flowed twice a day, and where the titles were, therefore, different from those of the city or of the State. This gore was laid out by a separate company of street makers, who gave the names of *Columbus Avenue* and *Huntington Avenue* to the streets running north and south, and have taken names comparatively modern for their cross-streets. Such is the name *Garrison*, a name which would not have been given to any street in Boston sixty years ago.

Derne Street commemorates a victory everywhere else forgotten, of which the story is known to the reader. The street is now the western boundary of the magnificent State House, and it makes an interesting memorial of a forgotten victory.

Dudley Street, in Roxbury, preserves the memory of the second governor of Massachusetts.

Edward Everett Square, in Dorchester, preserves the memory of the house, still standing, in which Edward Everett was born.

Faneuil Hall was named from Peter Faneuil, a spirited young merchant who gave the hall to the town of Boston. Faneuil Hall Square takes its name from the hall.

Federal Street was formerly Long Lane. When the convention of the State of Massachusetts met, in the year 1787, to consider the question whether the State would or would not adopt the Federal Constitution, the first meeting was held in the old State House, which is still standing at the head of State Street. The rooms proved not large

enough for the purposes of the convention, and they adjourned to meet in what had been "Johnny Muirhead's" meeting-house in Long Lane, not far distant. It is to this incident that the old ballad quoted in Chapter IV refers.

Salem and Essex County were loyal supporters of the Constitution and of the Federal party. They gave the name *Federal Street* to one of the important streets in the city of Salem. In that street also there is a Federal Street Church, and the tune of "Federal Street," now well known, was written by the late General Oliver, who was the chorister of that church, while the minister was preaching one Sunday afternoon.

Fleet Street.—This is one of the streets which take their names from fond recollections of London. The trade with England, for more than a century, was very largely directly with the city of London; and Fleet Street took its name from Fleet Street or Fleet Ditch in London. So close was the relationship between the North End of Bos-

ton and London that, until within the memory of the present generation, its cockneyisms could be observed in the pronunciation of the North End. A genuine North Ender said *weal* and *winegar*, where in another part of the city people would say *veal* and *vinegar*.

The population of the North End has since twice changed. Once it was overwhelmed by an Irish emigration; then, about twenty years ago, this began to give way at the appearance of a few Italian organ-grinders. The Italians, the Russian Jews, and the German Jews now occupy nearly every house in the territory which was formerly the court end of Boston. An examination of pupils for the Hancock School in the autumn of 1896 showed that, of three hundred and six girls admitted from that neighborhood, all were from the Continent of Europe with the exception of a few Arabs. There was not one girl from England, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland, or from any part of the American States. This means that literally the instruc-

tion must begin with teaching these children the English language. There are a few other relics of London names. *Cornhill* is one, which is now given to what was formerly called New Cornhill, the name of Cornhill having been originally given to the part of Washington Street where the newspaper offices now are, between the old State House and the Old South Meeting-House. *Long-acre Street*, which had another London name, was the part of Tremont Street which passes in front of the Granary Burial Ground. In memory again of England, the walks around the Common are still called Malls by the old-fashioned people. The first of these malls was laid out in the last century, and ran from what is now Park Street Church southward. It is described in 1790 thus: "It is on the eastern side of the Common, in length fourteen hundred and ten feet, divided into walks parallel to each other, separated by a row of trees. On the outside of each walk is also a row of trees, which agreeably shade them." At the present time the

Subway runs under this Mall. Coming into this century, this Mall was generally called the Little Mall, while the other malls took the name Park Street Mall, Beacon Street Mall, and Charles Street Mall.

Franklin Street commemorates the name of Benjamin Franklin. But his birthplace was in the first street north of Franklin Street, the Milk Street of to-day. It has been so named certainly as far back as 1808. This street also probably had its name from Milk Street in London.

Front Street was so called from its marking the front of the town, and its eastern side was washed by the water, or was given up to wharves for wood and other matters brought by the coasting vessels. Front Street took the name of Harrison Avenue in 1840, when the South Cove streets were named.

The Granary.—Old people still speak of the burial ground between Park Street Church and Beacon Street as the Granary Burial Ground. The town maintained a granary opposite the Common, where Park

Street Church now is—a common wooden building, which could contain four thousand bushels of grain. This property was sold to the religious society which established Park Street Church in 1811.

Hamilton Place, nearly opposite, took its name from Alexander Hamilton, about the year 1806. In the local history of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth, a great deal is read of the Manufactory House. This stood at the head of Hamilton Place. It was built as a socialistic experiment, in which philanthropic people united with the government of the town and sometimes of the State, in the effort to provide employment for those not employed in hard times. It was a handsome brick building, built from the proceeds of a special excise levied by the General Court on carriages and other articles of luxury. It was at first given to the linen manufacture. The women of the town, rich and poor, appeared on the Common with their spinning wheels, and vied with each other in the dexterity of using them. The

enterprise went forward for three or four years. The trustees and company annually attended public worship, a sermon was delivered suited to the occasion, and a contribution made to aid the business. But the enterprise succeeded no better than similar enterprises of 1848 in Paris. Several spinning schools were established at the same time in different parts of the town. The best success of the Manufactory House seems to have been between 1721 and 1725.

Nassau Street is not the original Nassau Street, which was a short street, now known as Common Street. It took this name as early as 1788, apparently with some reference to the foreign politics of the time.

Orange Street.—As early as 1708, clearly from the political conditions of the time, the old *Middle Street* was changed to *Hanover Street*, and the highway from the Neck, leading as far as the late Deacon Eliot's house, was called Orange Street, in honor of the Prince of Orange. This became Washington Street when that name gradually

usurped all other names of the main street of Boston.

The Pound.—In early days the pound for stray cattle fronted the Common, being probably, indeed, originally a part of it. It stood where Houghton & Mifflin's bookstore now is on Park Street.

Pudding Lane was another London name. It is the Devonshire Street of to-day.

Queen Street became Court Street in 1784. *King Street* became State Street at the same time, after kings and queens had been abolished.

Rawson's Lane was the Bromfield Street of to-day. It was named for the provincial secretary, Edward Rawson.

Salem Street received its name as early as 1708. It is one of those streets which are named from the region which is approached by them. Any traveler to Essex County would have been apt to pass through Salem Street to take the ferry at the north end of it.

Salutation Alley happily still retains that

quaint name. It came from the Salutation Tavern, which had a sign of much elegance, representing two gentlemen in the height of fashion, with small clothes and cocked hats, shaking hands. The name is as early as the early part of the eighteenth century. Fortunately, nobody has proposed to change it to any modern name like Fremont or Edison.

The whipping post stood in what is now State Street, near the corner of Devonshire Street. It was removed about 1750. Culprits were whipped near the same spot, on the top of a cage in which they were conveyed from the jail. Public whippings were discontinued about the year 1800.

Sudbury Street, named, as I suppose, from the town of Sudbury, in Middlesex County, was nicknamed Tattle Street a hundred years ago.

Tileston Street, at the North End, recalls the memory of John Tileston, who was a famous schoolmaster at the corner of this street and North Bennet Street. The Eliot School, named for Dr. Andrew Eliot, the

minister of this region in the Revolution, stands on the site of Tileston's schoolhouse. Before 1800 the street was known as Love Lane. Young people must not think that this name was purely sentimental; it was derived from the name of Mrs. Susanna Love, who owned the estate on which the Eliot School stands.

The name *Tremont Street* is comparatively new. It is derived from the word Trimountain, which was sometimes called Trimount and sometimes Tremont in the early history of the town. I say comparatively new, but as early as 1732 it was given to the part of the street which ran from Hanover Street to where Houghton & Dutton's large store is now. The "Orange Tree Inn" was then at the head of Hanover Street.

"*West Hill*," which is spoken of in the earlier books, was at the foot of Beacon Hill, near the water, a little north of Beacon Street. The hill has been so reduced that Charles Street, which runs over the ground, is now nearly level.



Park Street Mall, Boston Common.

Winnisimet Ferry, which was probably originally *Winnissipit Ferry*, is the ferry to Chelsea, which was then called Winnisimet. Winnissipit would mean "the place of fine streams," and seems a proper name for the junction of the Mystic and the Charles Rivers.

Of the various ante-revolutionary governors there are many memorials in Boston. It would perhaps be dangerous to imply that the popular governors have been remembered and the unpopular ones forgotten. *Winthrop*, the first governor after the great emigration, is commemorated by a statue at the head of Court Street and by the names of several squares, places, and streets. *Dudley*, the second governor, has no statue, but is commemorated by *Dudley Street* in Roxbury, and by an avenue, a place, and a square. *Haynes*, the third governor, has a street and a park named for him. Of *Henry Vane* there is a statue in the public library; this was studied from a good original portrait of Vane. *Bel-*

lingham is commemorated by Bellingham Place. *Endicott*, who would seem to deserve a statue, has his name preserved in Endicott Street at the North End. This street was formerly called *The Old Way*.

Leverett's name was early given to Leverett Street. Governor Leverett's house stood where the great Ames Building is now, at the foot of Court Street; and it would be well if a bronze tablet there reminded the passers-by of a loyal man and good magistrate. There is a *Bradstreet Avenue* in Dorchester. *Phipps Place*, at the North End, leading out from Charter Street, preserves the name of the picturesque New England skipper who, while he was governor, knocked down with his own fist the captain of one of the king's vessels. Of *Richard, Earl of Bellomont*, of *Samuel Shute*, and of *Richard Burnet*, all royal governors of the province, there are no such memorials. Bellomont is believed to have lived in the Province House, where he was probably better lodged than ever before in his life. *Belcher*, if there

were anything to remember about him, might be meditated on by any one who crosses from Atlantic Avenue to High Street through *Belcher Lane*.

Of all the "royal governors," as we call them, the most distinguished was *William Shirley*. It was under him that Louisburg was taken; it was with him that Washington conferred after Braddock's defeat. He was, indeed, a great war governor. His house, which was an elegant monument of his time, was on Dudley Street in Roxbury; there is scarcely anything left of it now which will interest the antiquarian. Shirley's life has never been properly written, and his papers, if they exist, are hidden somewhere where the historian has no access to them. His name is preserved in a street, not inconsiderable, in the neighborhood of his old house in Roxbury.

Pownall, who was the only royal governor who was really interested in the development of the province, has no memorial which is known to me. *Hutchinson*, who was re-

garded as a traitor by all the patriots of revolutionary times, deserves rather to be considered as a sort of Hamlet, a man not equal to his position :

The world is out of joint, O curséd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right !

His house was riddled by the mob, but stood until the year 1834. There is a *Hutchinson Street* in Dorchester.

No place has preserved the memory of General Gage or of Sir William Howe, who were the last royal governors of Massachusetts ; and none will.

There is a *Tudor Street* in Dorchester. The determined antiquarian may reflect here that if the Cabots ever saw Boston they saw it when they were floating the flag of a Tudor sovereign. There is no memorial of the house of Stuart in Boston except the insignificant Stuart Street, which would be named Cromwell Street but that it is too insignificant. There were once portraits of Charles II and James II in the old State

House, but General Howe took them to Halifax, and there they appear to have been lost. They are perhaps at this moment mouldering in the attic of some Halifax warehouse. The house of Hanover is still remembered in Hanover Street, and the house of Brunswick in the Brunswick Hotel.

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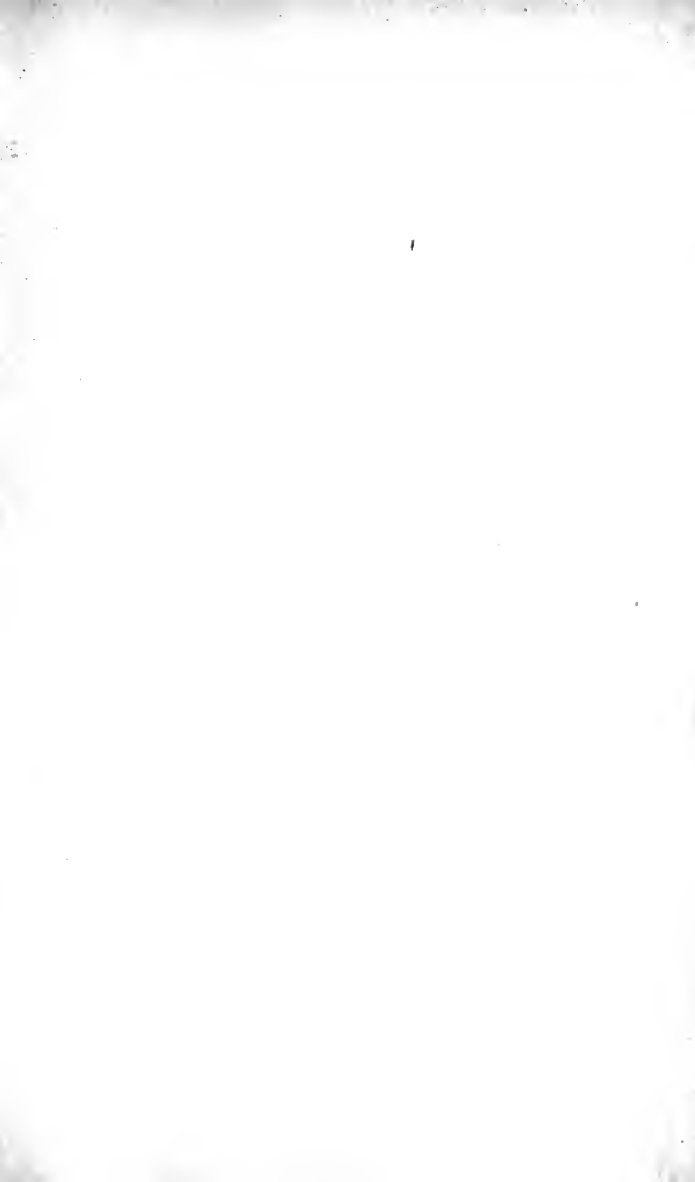
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